Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

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Established in 1869.} "Let Us See To it that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

Tariff Pictures.

Just before the passage of the McKinley bill there were 17

[redacted]

pearl button factories in the United States. The McKinley bill put up the duty on pearl buttons, and now the pearl button factories number 77

[redacted]

The wicked N. Y. "WORLD" prints a letter which speaks of ex-Gov. Gray, of Indiana, as "a third-rate State boss of the Hill type." The *World* is evidently taking the measure of New York's democratic Senator, but if he should be nominated at Chicago how quickly it would wheel into line in support of the "third-rate boss." As a crow eater the *World* is as superb as it claims to be as a newspaper.

Not in March and by a machine propaganda, but in June and by a representative national convention of 900 delegates, will the next democratic candidate for the Presidency be chosen.—New York *Utica Observer* (*dem.*)

While divisions divide the democratic councils, the Republicans are marching in solid phalanx to victory.

THAT a man can be knocked down, robbed, and left bound for half an hour in the heart of the city before the police learn anything of the matter is hardly encouraging to those pedestrians whose duties necessitate the use of the streets at night. More vigilance is necessary. Meanwhile the assailants should be promptly discovered and severely dealt with.

If the rising generation are not brought up in habits of diligence and proper manners, it will not be for lack of primitive ingenuity among their teachers. Within a day or two an instructor has been heard of who tries to secure polite language by administering doses of soap, and an instructress who uses black pepper as a corrective for disobedience.

CONGRESSMEN are so little accustomed to work that a session lasting a little beyond midnight prevents the presence of a quorum for the next day's business. This is strange when one remembers the late, or rather the early, hours which characterize the nightly festivities of the Capital winter resort.

JACK THE RIPPER has been caught nearly as often as Garza. If he is really secured at last there will be a topic the less for sensationalists and one more brute brought to justice.

THE Beaver editors are free as is right and proper. The law and the injured party's feelings had alike been vindicated, and further punishment would have been mere vindictiveness.

BOTH the Senate and the House would pay more striking respect to their departed colleagues by an unaccustomed attention to duty than they can possibly convey by adjourning.

AN EARLY ADJOURNMENT.

It is Probable That Congressmen Will Go Home About June 1.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The Springer free wool bill will be brought to a vote on April 22 or 23 unless there should be a hitch in the present program of the Democratic majority the ways and means committee, which has charge of the measure. Chairman Springer is on the program to close the debate in an hour's speech. Mr. Springer expects to be sufficiently improveed in health by that time to fulfill the task. The binding twine and cotton bagging bills will then be pushed to a vote as soon as possible, to be followed perhaps by other specific bills attacking separate items of the McKinley law. With these measures disposed of in the house, and the appropriation bills in excellent shape so far as the house is concerned, the Democratic majority of the ways and means committee believes that an early adjournment of congress is possible, and accordingly discussed the adjournment question to some extent today.

No conclusion was reached, but the sentiment was favorable to June 1 as the day of adjournment. This is an unusully early date for adjournment, and there are many persons who believe final adjournment will be delayed for many weeks after Decoration day; but still the sentiment expressed by the majority members of the ways and means committee is significant as showng that they wish and believe it possible. The principal work of the majority of the committee to-day, however, related to tinplate, which has been more talked about than almost any other article affected by the McKinley tariff act. It was decided that the tin plate schedule should be the next subject of attack after the three schedules of wool and woollen, binding twine and cotton bagging, which are covered by bills now before the houses

A SEVERE ATTACK.

Experienced by the Washington Democracy—Russia and the Seals.

Washington, March, 29, '92.

The Democracy is experiencing a severe attack of solicitude for those countries which have refused reciprocity with us and on whose products duties are reimposed by the President's retaliatory proclamation. The Supreme Court recently decided that the reciprocity clause of the McKinley Act did not "delegate a law making power to the President" as our friends declare. But of course the Supreme Court knows nothing about it. Indeed, the fact that this clause is pronounced constitutional by the highest constitutional authority makes it doubly odious to the Democratism and in consequence a bitter and concerted attack is to be made on the broadest the most patriotic and the most beneficial measure for American prosperity which has been advanced of recent years.

They have already begun to prate of the "great hardships to the American people" of restoring the duties on sugar, coffee, molasses and hides imported from Venezuela, Hayti and Columbia. They do not mention the fact that the Mills bill retained the duties on those products from the whole world and that in the discussion of the McKinley bill they desperately fought against putting them on the free list, but such is the case.

The reimposition of these duties effects none but the countries which have refused a friendly interchange of commodities on an equitable basis. Statistics of South American trade show that our imports from those countries have been but a very small fraction. Take sugar---the principle article as an example. The total amount of sugar imported by the United States for the year ending June 30th 1891 was valued at $167,727,000. Of this only $55,016 worth---less than one five thousandth of the whole---came from the countries named. The proportion of the other productions is still smaller.

As our more friendly southern neighbors can furnish all the sugar, coffee, etc. which this country can use the effect of the proclamation will be that they will enjoy our trade to the exclusion of the others. which will very soon show the unfriendly ones their error and soon force them also into a treaty of reciprocity. Should they send us any of these products they will most certainly have to sell to us at a price less by the amount of the duty than their more sensible neighbors; but notwithstanding the Democrats are, with stupendous assurance, trying to persuade the intelligent American people that the old tax on their breakfast tables is restored, a tax which these very Democrats made desperate efforts to retain.

The last "consecration" of Grover Cleveland to his party in the announcement of his candidacy which took the form of a letter to Gen. Bragg has relieved Washington of what would otherwise have been a week almost devoid of humor.

Were Grover to consult his "personal desires and individual ease and comfort" he would unhesitatingly refuse anything so distasteful to him, but as he loves his country and desires to save it from oblivion in which it remains while he is not its President he considers personal considerations "entirely irrelevant" and offers himself up as a sacrifice. His experience in the great office has so impressed this consecrated one "with the solemnity of the trust and its awful responsibilities" that he cannot bring himself "to regard a candidacy for the place as something to be won by personal strife and active self-assertion." Of course not. The Democracy must bring the nomination to his canonized stuffed prophet and lay it at his devoted feet. This is radically different from the methods used by the same deity in 1888, but it is so different, you know, when another fellow has by "personal strife and active self-assertion" corraled the entire delegation from one's state. Than there is the question of avoirdupois. When an opponent is a sprightly hustler after delegates, it is much easier, particularly when one is weighed down with adipose tissue and awe-inspiring platitudes, to be wooden joss and wait for devoted Democrats to "consecrate" one to the nomination, and in this consideration even he cannot entirely forget his "industrial ease and comfort."

If this bombastic platitudinous rot were not so funny it would be disgusting. I am no friend of Senator Hill, must confess that I far prefer a manly, candid way in which he announces himself to the puerile mock modesty and insincerity of Mr. Cleveland.

RUSSIA AND THE SEALS.

I am to state that the State Department has received a communication from the Russian Foreign Office. and which will soon be laid before the Foreign Relation Committee of the Senate, which protests in regenerous terms against any arbitration of the Behing Sea Question.

The situation of the Russian Government is to the effect that when it sold Alaska and the Behring Sea possessions to the United States it sold a possession which it owned outright, and that any movement on the part of the United States to arbitrate must necessarily serve to cast a shadow on the good faith and the validity of Russia's original title and jurisdtction of the possession she sold the United States.

The Czar particularly resents any attempt of any European nation, and, above all, Great Britain, to put his government in the disgraceful attitude of having sold to a friendly nation for a liberal price, territory and waters which his government had no legal right to sell, and whose usufruct it could not guarantee.

A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

Republican Protection Did It.

In 1890, during October, the average price of binding twine was 11 cents a pound.

In 1891, under Republican protection, during September the average price of binding twine was 11 cents a pound.

Republican protection caused this decrease of 3 1-2 cents a pound in the cost of this article, of which the farmers of the United States used 100,000,000 *pounds last year in binding their interests.*

In 1891, during the twelve months ending with February, the exports of merchandise from the United States amounted in value to $869,319,882.

In 1892, after the benefits of Republican protection had begun to be felt, during the corresponding period our exports of merchandise amounted in value to $999,779,771.

This increase of $130,459,889 *was caused by Republicen protection.*

In 1891, during the seven months ending January 31, the exports from the United States of jewelry and manufacturers of gold and silver amounted in value to $5,18,763.

In 1892, during the corresponding period; after the benefits of Republican protection had begun to be felt, our exports of such articles amounted in value to $730,851.

This increase of 211,088, *or* 41 *per cent., was caused by Republican protection.*

LIST OF PATENTS.

Granted to Pennsylvania inventors this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co., Solicitors of American & Foreign Patents, Opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

E. A. Wheeler, Sharon. Boiler-furnace. J. A. Widmer, Pittsburg, Glass-press. B. J. Sykes, Sykesville, Lubricator for windmills. W. J. Parmelee, WilkesBarre, Machine for trimming the flash from axles. W. H. Pickert, Warren, Extension-table. R. C. Rice, New Castle, Bag-fastener. J. C. Robertson, Glen Campbell, Mining machine. A. C. McKendee, Erie, Adjustable platform ladder W. P. McMasters, Munhall, Door-hinge. E. C. Merrill, Allegheny, Thermostatic regulator. L. Miller, Oil City, Combined section-liner & protractor. P. F. Hanley Homestead, Splint. F. B. Harvey, Pickering, Combined harrow & roller. E. A. Hirner, Allentown, Circular knitting machine. A. L. Hughes, Ashley, Grass-catching attachment for lawn-mowers. A. F. Dicky, Friedens, Wire-twisting tool. J. F. Emmert, Waynesboro, Vise. A. Ewer, Holicong, Cornmarker T. V. Forster, Avalen, Ornamenting candles. R. Conrader, Erie, Apparatus for vaporizing & burning hydro carbon oils. W. E. Depp, Brookville Churn. H. Aiken, Pittsburg, Crane. W. N. Barret, Meadville, Steam-generator.

Walt Whitman Gone.

"Lovely and soothing death" ended Walt Whitman's sufferings last evening. "The Good Gray Poet" has for long been looked upon as an old man, from the decrepitude which sickness brought him, yet he was not quite seventy-three years old. His illness was the direct result of a brotherly devotion and one of his noblest characteristics was the sweet patience with which he bore his ills. For more than twenty years he was an invalid, yet he was calm and considerate to a remarkable degree and love for others was his strongest feeling. His was one of the striking individualities of the half century.

Vigor of thought found expression in unusual forms. The reason rather than the rhythm of his work will be longest remembered. His was a nature magnetic more to men as friends than to masses as acquaintances. Outspokenness and love for his fellow beings were the twin propellers of his published thoughts. He was in all essentials a man and the world is the poorer for the loss of such. But his days of greatest usefulness were passed, his works will long outlive him, and he has obtained the rest he longed for.

Go where you will, you will find people using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and unanimous in its praise.

I suffered most severely from rheumatism during winter. After using Salvation Oil two days the pain entirely subsided, and now I am a well man.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 30, 1892.

Secretary Blaine has resumed active directions of State department affairs, although he has not fully recovered from the attack of the grip from which he has been a sufferer for several weeks, and it can be positively stated that the President has no more ardent supporter in his controversy with Lord Sailsbury, concerning Behring Sea matters, than Secretary Blaine.

The situation continues critical, owing to the failure of Lord Salisbury to say definitely what his government propeses to do and while neither the president nor any member of his cabinet anticipates war with Great Britain they recognize that hostilities may result from the orders issued to the Commanders of the Naval vessels of the two powers, which will soon be in Behring sea. It is certain that the Commanders of the U. S. vessels, which will include some of our strongest fighting ships, will be directed to seize all vessels engaged in taking seals illegally, no matter what flag they fly, and it may be that the British commanders of war vessels, which according to the latest information have already began to gather in the vicinity of the sealing waters, will be ordered to protect sealing vessels flying the British flag. Here lies the danger. If Great Britain will keep her fingers out of the muddle there will be no trouble, even if she persists in declining to renew the modus vivendi. It is this uncertainty that is causing this government to prepare for trouble, as far as it may undar the circumstances.

The Senate has informally agreed to ratify the arbitration treaty, but owing to the unusual precautions to keep the proceedings of the Executive sessions on the subject secret there is a doubt as to whether the ratification wil be on condition that the modus vivendi be renewed, or be without conditions.

The House Census committee has given considerable attention to the proposition of establishing a permanent cencus bureau, and has heard arguments on the subject from a number of gentlemen, including Superintendent Porter, and it has invited General Francis A Walker, who was Superintendent of the Tenth Cencus, to give the committee his ideas on the subject at as early a day as may suit his convenience.

A joint caucus of republican Senators and Representatives will be held Thursday night. The only business that will be brought before the caucus will be the selection of the members of the Congressional Campaign committee.

The Paddock Pure Food bill, which was recently passed by the Senate, will be favorably reported to the House by the committee on Agriculture.

The President is deeply interested in the success of the G. A. R. encampment, which is to be held here this year, as his special message to Congress in favor of the bill appropriating $100.000, one-half to be paid from the revenues of the District of Columbia, shows.

A National Organization to be known as the Henry Clay Club, has been organized here. Its motto is, "The protection of Americans," and its purpose is to unite those persons who are believers in the fundamental principles so ably advocated by Henry Clay, and to encourage the promulgation adoption of those truths which were the inspiration of his life work. Legislature is to be distributed and branch clubs organized in the mining and manufacturing sections of the South, and arrangements have already been perfected for sending the following eloquent gentlemen to that section to make speeches: Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Ex-Senator Evarts, and Representatives Reed and Burrows.

The fate of the Free Coinage Bill, which everybody expected to have been decided, as far as the House is concerned last week, is still a matter of doubt. The House committee on Rules is now deliberating on a proposition from Representative Bland, the author of the bill, to report a special rule, again bringing the bill before the House and prohibiting filibustering thereon, in other words the very cloture rule which democratic speakers and editors declared to be unconstitutional and everything that was bad when it was proposed that the republicans of the Senate should adopt it to pass the election bill, at the last session of Congress. But the defeat of the silver men last week appears to have taken the confidence out of them to a large extent, and many of them openly express their fears that the bill will be defeated. The anti-silver men, however, also express fears that the bill will pass, if it ever gets to a straight vote before the House, which makes it evident that the issue of this week's fight is extremely doubtful and that it will be very close either way.

The story that the President had said that he would not allow his name to be presented to the Minneapolis convention has again been started. There is no truth in it. He has never said that he would be or that he would not be a candidate.

A Day In Wonderland.

It was one of those "rare June days" when seated upon the rear platform of an Observation Car I watched the constantly shifting scenery recede and vanish in the distance.

Giant monarchs of the forest quickly faded into filmy verdure and were lost to sight. Lofty hills whose crests looked rough and frowning as we swept by rapidly took on more peaceful aspects, and seemed, in the far away, to kiss the azure heavens, and smile to us a sweet good-bye. In truth "the hills *were* green afar off," for the mellowing influence of distant space held full away.-

And so it is with life. As the years roll on the scenes of earlier days are wrapped in cloudy forgetfulness.

Days when there were no weather reports to beguile us into leaving our umbrellas at home. Days when the lumbering Stage Coach was the only "Congressional Limited," whose top-lofty driver had never dreamed of assuming the haughty and the supercilious airs of the Modern Pullman porter.

But when these memories come trooping out of the past, they show us an era primitive and provincial, though sacred to the memory of our forefathers whose sturdy merit must be admitted worthy of all emulation.

"Last call for dinner." "Dining car second to the front." Our visoin is gone, Summoned from dreamy meditation on the past we quickly, keenly appreciate the luxuries of modern travel as set forth on the Menu of the Pennsylvania Limited,-probably, the most perfectly equipped train in all the World. Composed exclusively of Pullman Vestibule Drawing and State-room Sleeping Cars, a Dining Car, a Smoking Car and an Observation Car, the entire train represents in design, construction and finish the most acceptable results of constructive and decorative art. As all these cars are connected by Pullman Patent Safety Vestibules, ladies and children may pass from car to car without danger or the slightest exposure to weather. These Safety Vestibules not only allow freedom of movement, but impart steadiness of motion, and diminish the danger of telescoping in case of collision.

The Smoking Car is costly furnished, and supplied with books, periodicals and the daily newspapers. In the bulletin board are displayed the quotations of stocks and the commercial and general news of the World taken fresh from the wire at each stopping point.

A hair dressing and shaving establishment, with a bath-room attached, adjoins the smoking room.

The Sleeping Cars embody the latest and most approved ideas of comfort and luxury for the traveling public. In addition to the appointments now expected in every fast long-distance train, the Pennsylvania Limited is marked by the following distinctive features:

Bulletines of the latest financial and general news; Stenographer and Typewriter; Ladies' Maid; Observation Car. Modern ingenuity has been taxed to make this the ideal train in safety, comfort and luxury. In the Observation Car is located the Stenogrepher with his Remington Typewriter, a machine which within ten years has completely revolutionized the methods of correspondence in the business world. His services are free. Passengers may dictate to him letters or telegrams which will be duly transcribed in his machine and mailed or forwarded at the next stopping point.

And so it is, that the business man ensconced in munificent luxury with every comfort at hand, may keep in touch with the markets of the World and attend to his more important correspondence, even while gliding along the peaceful banks of the Juniata or skimming over the crest of the lofty Alleghenies.

Truly this is a great World! And the days and methods of the Stage Coach are no longer "in it."

A New Livery in Howard.

Mr. Ambrose Holter has just opened a new livery stable in Howard and is now prepared to hire horses and rigs to the traveling public. His stables are complete in every particular and, as Mr. Holter is a very accommodating gentleman, there is not the least doubt but that everyone will receive the best of treatment at his hands. Give him a trial the next time you want to engage a horse and rig.

The Jersey Lily has become quite famous for her beauty, and she means to keep it, too, for, hasn't she learned in the great United States to cure colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Make a note of it—Twenty-five cents buys the best liniment out, Salvation Oil, at all dealers.

ADDITIONAL SHOPS.

Bids Have Been Awarded for Their Erection.

Bids have been awarded for the erection of additional shops in this city, which will give employment to large numbers of men, as well as aid in every way the advancement of everything pertaining to city's interests.

The new shops have long been talked of as a possibility and at times as a necessity, but not until within the last few days has their final erection been announced as a certainty. Already Altoona is known as the greatest railroad city in the world and with the new additions will come fame as well as actual material growth. Messrs. Hoover, Hughes & Co. have received contracts for the work and preparations for the starting are even now being made by them.

The first structure will be an immense air brake and plumbing shops. The extreme length of the main building will be 250 feet while it will be 58 feet in width. An addition on one side will measure 58 x46½ feet. The floor space required by one man in both the air brake and plumbing departments is very small, so some relative idea can be formed of the number of men that will be employed. These shops will be directly opposite the street car sheds and will front on Chestnut avenue.

Just below Fourth street will be built the second new structure, a blacksmith shop 136 feet long and 74 feet wide. This is expected to be in the form of an addition to the present shops. All the buildings are to be built of brick and will be rushed to completion as speedily as possible.—Altoona *Times*.

For The State Exhibit.

The Pennsylvania Board of World's Fair Managers have decided to appoint experts in the several branches of Pennslyvania industries over which the Board has supervision.

John Dick, Jr., of this city, who has been appointed expert in the Committee on Horticulture, said yesterday that the work of preparing a suitable Pennsylvania exhibit would be greatly facilitated by the new arrangement. The meeting at which the experts were appointed was held in Harrisburg on Wednesday last, when the commissioner was authorized to appoint the experts.

The list is as follows: Agriculture, J. A. Grundy, Lewisburg; horticulture, John Dick, Jr.; mining, Professor Reber, of the Pennsylvania State College; machinery and manufacturers, L. W. Richards, Philadelphia, and William Quinn, Pittsburg; transportation, Sanderson R. Martin, Philadelphia; electricity, John N. Benckert, Philadelphia; art, Mrs. Jones, Harrisburg, and liberal arts and progress of industry, Colonel Woodward, of Harrisburg. The experts appointed are officially called the assistant commissioners and are the secretaries of their committee.

Music Free.

Expense not considered, pianists should be able to tune their own piano, for often one string out of tune gives as much trouble as if the whole scale were so and no tunner at hand. Our new book teaches a new method, whereby every lady can easliy tune. The Press, N. Y., says: "It teaches how to tune by a new, a simple process. and divests the art of all mystery. It also tells how to remedy all defects in piano and organ." The price, bound in Leatherett is 75c., but to introdue quickly we will send it FREE, with ten pieces sheet music, and a present that sells for one dollar, to all sending nine two-cent stamps for postage, etc., and names of six persons who play and have a piano. This offer is only made for short time by a reliable house. Address STANDARD MUSIC Co., 8 Euclid-av., Cleveland, O.

—SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April marked the beginning of two important series. The central subject of all social questions, and one of the most widely discussed of the time is the conditions of life among the "Poor in Great Cities." It has passed from the stage of discussion into one of practical experiment, directed by men and women of great experience and scientific knowledge. The conductors of the MAGAZINE have determined to embody the most significant of these results in a series of papers in which authors and artists will co-operate to produce a truthful representation of the things achieved. The authors have been chosen because of their personal experience and sympathetic study of the conditions which they describe.

A new feature is to be introduced at the approaching dinner of the New York Cigar Manufacturers' Association. A discussion of the question, "Is Smoking Unhealthy?" will be introduced. It is safe to predict how it will end—in smoke.

Lane's Family Medicine Moves the Bowels Each day. Most pepole need to use it.

Valerie;

or,

HALF A TRUTH.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

[illegible]se from her place and took up a more advantageous position for listening, for Angela was a really good executant in music of the lighter kind—holding up her finger when Lord Westbrook would have followed her.

"No," she said, imperiously. "You talk and I want to listen."

"But I——"

"I want to be alone!" said Valerie, with the independence of an acknowledged queen; and she seated herself on a lounge near one of the windows, apart from the general circle.

It gave her a little relief, a little breathing-time, to sit here in comparative shadow and obscurity, and to listen, like one in a dream, to the barcarole Angela was playing.

The breathing-time was not long. The player ceased, and the guests crowded round her, buzzing forth congratulations; and then, after a moment or two, Max Beauregard quitted the group, and approached Valerie. Her heart beat heavily as he came near, but she did not move, and scarcely looked at him.

"Valerie," he said, pausing by her side, "will you not sing something?"

"If you like," she answered, raising herself from her lounging attitude as if to quit her seat.

"But not yet," said Beauregard, taking the vacant place beside her; "I have scarcely spoken a dozen words to you this evening."

Valerie sank back again, looking at him through her long lashes.

Her manner was not encouraging, but Max did not seem to heed it. He went on:

"And I have had no opportunity of fulfilling my promise."

"Your promise?" repeated Valerie. "What promise?"

But even as the words passed her lips she recalled what he had said earlier in the evening about the park, and added, quickly:

"I remember now! I beg your pardon. Yes, tell me what you meant."

"Only this!" he bent a little nearer to her. "There is an old tree in the park—in the Abbot's Glen—you saw the picture of it this evening—the Enchanted Oak!"

It was the first allusion he had ever made to that happy past when he had called her the Fairy Queen and asked her to invite him to her moonlight revels under the Enchanted Oak. Why did he speak of it? The blood mounted to Valerie's cheek; she turned her face aside; but otherwise she sat motionless—not even a movement of the hands, though she felt as if her heart must cease to beat; yet Max Beauregard, watching her, saw that his allusion had gone straight home—had stirred a very passion of emotion within her. The nobler nature still strove against the crust of worldliness; she could contrast, with shame, the present and the past; she could feel that she was better, happier, then, and long for power to blot out the record of the last two years; even now, so late, he, Max Beauregard, might have saved her from herself, if—that fatal if!—he had not been lord of Abbot's Leigh and all its broad lands! But the test was lacking; and love that was half for the man and half for all that he possessed, Max Beauregard would have none of it. Yet he was playing with fire in having this girl whom he loved; but would not woo, under his roof. What then? It was the soldier spirit in the field of love as in the field of battle; to do and to dare.

He spoke again after a pause, changing his tone to the more ordinary conversational manner.

"You must let me show you the tree some day, Valerie—or better, by moonlight. The Abbot's Glen is one of the loveliest in the park."

"I shall like to see it," said the girl, recovering herself, though her voice was, to his keen ear, a little constrained. "How did the tree gain its name?"

"An old legend. There used to be a monastery on the lands of the Leigh—some of the ruins still remain; and the abbots—perhaps needless to say—were always Beauregards. One abbot, Gervais, in the fourteenth century, was much disturbed in spirit by hearing that the fairies held high revels under an old oak in the adjacent forest land; and he determined to put an end to the revels. Wherefore he watched in the glen alone, every moonlight night, for the purpose of exorcising the fairies. It seems, however, that the little people got the best of it, in spite of 'bell, book, and candle;" for one day the abbot was missing; the glen was searched, but without effect and holy Gervais was never seen or heard of more. It could only be surmised that the fairies had spirited the monk bodily away. The probability is," added Max, irreverently, "if there is any truth in the story at all—that the jolly abbot marched off with some fair dame."

"For shame!" exclaimed Valerie, laughing, "to slander your ancestors in that way. I fully believe the story, and I think the abbot deserved his fate. The fairies did no harm!"

"Oh! of course you take their part! Perhaps you were one of them—for fairies are immortal, you know; and so I have told you no news."

"No," she said, readily, and was better able now to mask her feelings, though her heart beat fast, and every nerve quivered, "I never held revels under that oak, but perhaps I will now, if you will promise not to send the chaplain to spoil the fun."

"I think if I did," said Colonel Beauregard, coolly, "he would become converted instead of frightening you away."

"I think," said Valerie, with an abrupt change of manner, and rising as she spoke, "that I had better go and sing now, if you will kindly let someone go for my music."

"Certainly." He looked at her keenly and covertly as he gave her his arm, and, bending down a little, added, gently: "Have I offended you, Valerie?"

The girl started.

"No," she answered, hurriedly. "But—but surely we have talked enough nonsense?"

"If you think so—there is no more to be said. Come, then, and sing one of your sweet German songs."

The music was brought, and Valerie selected one of Schubert's songs, carefully passing over some that she had no mind to sing to-night. Then Colonel Beauregard drew back, and let Lord Westbrook turn over for her, but he listened with an intense delight to her singing, little dreaming that she sang only for him, and cared for no one's thanks but his. Valerie had a rich pure mezzo, which in the last two years had been carefully cultivated. She sang with exquisite taste, and a depth of expression which would be still more marked in songs that gave scope for such expression; but these she refused, when urged by Lord Westbrook, to sing to-night.

"I am not in a mood for pathos or passionate laments," she said, lightly, and would only sing songs of her own selection.

That night Mrs. Langley lay some time awake, sorely perplexed in spirit. What could Valerie's conduct this evening mean? Was it coquetry? Was it rebellion? Did she mean to show Max Beauregard that she did not care for him, and would not pretend to do so? or was she only trying to test her power?—a dangerous game with such a man as Beauregard. But, at any rate for the present, Mrs. Langley dared not interfere. Things must take their course.

But Angela began to take heart of grace. Surely, if Valerie meant to conciliate such a proud man as Colonel Beauregard, she would not set about it by flirting with other men before his face; and snubbing him as much as, being his guest, she well could do.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—ZOE.

Amy Linwood arrived the next morning, and the party at the Leigh was now complete. At luncheon a ride was proposed, and obtained the suffrages of the whole party, only Lady Elinor and Mrs. Langley electing to take a drive in the pony-carriage instead.

"I am wild to try Zoe," said Valerie, turning to Amy. "She is such a gem! I saw her this morning."

"And very spirited, isn't she?" asked Amy. "I should be afraid to ride her."

"We have a beauty for you, Miss Linwood," interposed Colonel Beauregard, "one that will just suit you. I can guarantee her docility."

"And I will look after you," whispered Hal Dallas, who was on Amy's other side.

"Thanks!" she retorted, though she colored a little, "I can take care of myself."

Angela, who was an accomplished horsewoman, was to ride another of "the three lovely Gunnings." She had coveted Zoe, but it was only to be expected that the best of the three Arabs should be reserved for a guest, Angela standing on the familiar footing of a family connection.

A splendid group of horses they were that were led out on the sweep before the southwest terrace. Prince, the glossy bay, whom his master loved so dearly, and had loved yet more since one ever-remembered day; and Zoe, who was in wild spirits, giving her groom no small trouble to hold her; Dahlia, Angela's horse, more quiet, but spirited enough for most riders—these three carried off the palm of beauty. But the Beauregard stables were famous, and never turned out a steed that was not a delight to the lovers of horses.

Valerie was one of the first out on the terrace, looking bewitching in a dark blue habit, with a cavalier hat and plume, a blush rosebud in her buttonhole. Colonel Beauregard, Lord Westbrook and Dallas were down below with the horses. Mrs. Langley, standing with Lady Elinor on the terrace, looked a little anxiously at Zoe, and, as Valerie stepped through an open window, her aunt turned to her, and said:

"Are you not afraid to mount Zoe, Valerie? She seems very wild."

Beauregard had glanced up, seeing the girl the instant she appeared. He would have seen her if his back had been turned. He called to her now:

"Come down and speak to Zoe, Valerie."

And she answered her aunt, quickly:

"No; why should I be afraid?" and ran down the terrace steps.

"The darling!" she said, softly patting the mare's arching neck, and Zoe whinnied and coquetted in exceeding delight, as if she knew a queen of beauty was caressing her.

"She is in wild spirits," said Beauregard; "are you sure you don't feel timid? I have no fear of you, for I know both you and Zoe—but if you feel nervous——"

"I nervous?" said the girl, laughing. "I am not in the least, indeed. Besides, if you said Zoe was safe, that would be enough."

"Even," Beauregard could not help saying, "if you did not yourself think her safe?"

"I should know I was wrong," answered Valerie, feeling that this reply only covered half the truth.

She would simply trust Max Beauregard blindly.

"Thanks for your faith in my judgment!" was all he said.

Valerie turned to Prince, who was stretching out his head toward her, as if asking for notice. If there had been no one by, the girl would have thrown her arms round the animal's neck and kissed it many times, for the sake of that memorable ride, and because Prince belonged to Max, and had borne him in battle, and Max loved him. But now she only stroked him gently, showing him less affection than she had shown Zoe.

The other riders now came down, and Colonel Beauregard left Lord Westbrook to mount Valerie, and lifted Angela to her saddle, a proceeding which scarcely pleased Mrs. Dudley, but certainly did please Angela.

But before mounting his horse, Max went up to Valerie.

"Keep a tight hand on her," he said. "When we come to the common you can give her her head—soh, Zoe—you know you have a great trust, don't you, my girl?"

The animal turned to him with a caressing movement, and a loving look in her great soft eyes, that seemed to answer him:

"I know how dear my rider is to you. I will take care of her—trust me!"

And Valerie said, half carelessly:

"Oh! Zoe and I will soon understand each other."

But something in Max Beauregard's tone when he spoke to the horse—less than the words—made her heart throb fast.

"I am sure of that!" said he, and mounted his own horse.

They swept down the drive, a gallant party; Valerie riding with Lord Westbrook on her right hand, and Major Travers on her left; Beauregard between Mrs. Dudley and Angela Musgrave; Hal Dallas and Amy Linwood together; at which latter arrangement Max smiled to himself, and Mrs. Dudley presently observed, as they entered the park:

"Mr. Dallas admires Miss Linwood, I think—don't you, Colonel Beauregard?"

"I hope he does," was the reply, "and I hope Miss Linwood reciprocates the admiration—for Dallas' sake!"

"And for her own!" added Mrs. Dudley. "I like Mr. Dallas so much!"

"I am glad to hear you say so with such frankness," observed Beauregard.

"Why?" said she.

"Why? Can you ask? It may save me from quarreling with my best friend."

"Don't talk nonsense!" said the pretty widow, though she colored and tossed her head coquettishly.

"Nonsense!" with a half-reproachful look in the brilliant hazel eyes; "is that the way you receive my devotion?"

"Your devotion is only skin deep, Colonel Beauregard. You soldiers are not to be trusted."

"I protest. No, I will turn to Angela—she is more merciful."

"What about?" said Angela, who had not caught all the foregoing, but did not much mind *galant* speeches to Lilias Dudley; it was not the widow she feared.

"In your judgments. Mrs. Dudley will not believe a soldier can be trusted—will you?"

"In *les affaires du cœur!*" returned Lady Angela; "certainly not."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—AN APPLICATION OF AN OLD PROVERB.

"Can't I make you believe that a soldier can be trusted?" said Colonel Beauregard, lowering his voice; but the color that mounted to Lady Angela's face, the quickness with which she averted it, startled him. His speeches, both to Mrs. Dudley and Angela herself, had been obviously mere *galanteries;* serious flirting was the last of Max Beauregard's faults; and though he knew that Lady Elinor was anxious to advance her sister to the post of lady of Abbot's Leigh, he had never supposed, though a vainer man might have easily supposed it, that Angela had any more than an ordinary liking for himself personally. Angela's look and manner in this moment gave him rather an unpleasant shock; either he had jestingly touched a deeper chord than he wist of, or the girl—she was cunning enough to do this—designed to give him the impression that he had done so. He bit his lip, but added, directly and carelessly:

"Ah! well, I see I am in very bad repute,

"Valerie, draw rein, you are breathed—draw rein!"

though I vow I have not earned it. Shall we push on a little? The trio ahead will be out of sight in a minute or two."

And he had no intention of being tied to his two present companions throughout the ride.

They soon came up with the other three, and presently the park gates were passed, and after a short bit of road came a broad stretch of heath.

"Now," said Colonel Beauregard, "for a gallop!"

In the instant that he spoke, Valerie gave Zoe the rein, and away went the Arab, with a wild snort of delight. In two minutes the fleet-footed animal, carrying but a feather-weight, had distanced her late companions; but Prince's long stride gained quickly on her, and half-way across the heath Max Beauregard rode up to Valerie's side.

The girl turned a bright look to him, and met in his eyes something like a flash of triumph, and the wild-rose flush on her cheek deepened; the breath came fast through her parted lips; sky and land seemed but a haze; she only heard the thud of the horses' hoofs on the velvet turf; only knew that Max was with her—Max alone—riding on—on through the summer air and the glorious sunlight, under the blue sky—on—on—faster, faster—till her breath came in a sobbing gasp, and her brain was growing dizzy; and then Max Beauregard bent toward her, speaking low, but decidedly:

"Valerie, draw rein, you are breathed—draw rein!"

She was well-nigh spent, less with the ride than the mental agitation; but she had strength enough to pull the mare in a little, not to stop her. Beauregard grasped the rein with his right hand, checking Prince with his left, and Zoe slackened, stopped dead, with heaving flanks and quivering limbs, but not half tamed yet. Valerie could not speak; her swift, half-veiled glance said "Thanks!" She sat drooping, panting. Max watched her a minute in silence, patting Zoe's glossy neck, not trusting himself just yet, for the blood was leaping like fire through his veins, and passionate words quivered on his lips; but the self-mastery of years did not utterly fail him now, and in a moment or two he moved his hand from Zoe's neck to her rider's hand.

"Poor child!" he said, tenderly; "it was my fault, I ought to have stopped you before."

"No—no!" If he had only known that it was his fault, though not as he meant; if he had only known how every fibre of her frame vibrated to his touch! "I—I wanted to go on—it was a glorious ride!"

"Ay," he said, under his breath; and his dark eyes flashed; for a second his clasp closed over the little hand on which his had rested; but as quickly relaxed, and he paused, setting his teeth close; while Valerie, who had started, and changed color, turned to look behind her, though her eyes were blinded, and she could see nothing. Beauregard turned, too.

"The others are close behind now," he said, "shall we wait for them?"

He spoke almost coldly: Valerie simply wheeled her horse, and rode back toward the advancing party, and Beauregard followed suit.

"Well, your two horses have got wings!" cried Mrs. Dudley, addressing both, and Max said, smiling:

"They are both of them ready for another gallop, and double the distance. Zoe is a splendid stayer, and next to Prince, the fleetest horse in the able; and then Valerie weighs about as much as thistle-down."

"Brain and all?" asked Valerie, wickedly. They were all riding on now at a walking pace, Beauregard on the girl's right hand.

"Nay," he answered, gravely; "I only spoke of physical weight."

She laughed.

"Did you? But it would be equally apt the other way, wouldn't it?"

"That comparison is yours—not mine!" said Beauregard, drily.

"Thanks," was the retort, "for a neat application of the old proverb about the cap and the fit!"

And she turned, laughingly, to speak to Lord Westbrook on her other side. She knew she had forced a meaning never intended. Max Beauregard was far too chivalrous for such a gibe; she knew she had vexed and even wounded him; but he should not think she was trying to win him; yielding sometimes, as she had yielded a little while ago, unconsciously, inevitably, to his power over her, she recoiled afterward, and in a terror of being misinterpreted, rebuffed him in some such manner as this, stung to recklessness by the very bitterness of her own suffering.

She had been startled, too, by the look that met hers when Max Beauregard first rode up to her; his close clasp of her hand later, and sudden release of it, as if, surrendering himself for one second to a warmer feeling for her, he had condemned the instinct the next. Was it a blending of past and present; the old tenderness living still; the glamour of her beauty influencing him against his better judgment, as all men are influenced by exceeding beauty?

It stung her to madness, that if she had power to stir this man's heart at all it should be to no deeper homage than this. She would have spurned him if he knelt to sue for her love, and gave her only passion; for passion can despise its object—love cannot. So Valerie wronged herself more and more—strove more and more to make herself wholly and hopelessly misunderstood by the man she worshiped.

They came presently—Valerie doing her best, it seemed, to turn Lord Westbrook's head—to a narrow path where only two horses could go abreast. Beauregard reined back at once to Mrs. Dudley's side, and left Valerie to the young peer; and Valerie urged Zoe forward, so that she and her companion got some little way ahead of the rest of the party.

"Another victim!" said Mrs. Dudley, laughing, and pointing with her whip to Lord Westbrook.

"A willing one, I suppose," returned Beauregard, shrugging his shoulders. Whatever he might think of Valerie he could not endure for anyone to speak slightingly of her; in his own heart he tried not to condemn her, tried to make every allowance for her, and reproached himself that he was forced to think her scheming and worldly; nor did he ever think her wholly so; she struggled with her nobler nature; she hated the task she had set herself, and hence she was wayward and inconsistent. "Men's hearts," he added "are not breakable articles; and women——"

"Have none! Is that it?"

"I almost think so."

"For shame! I won't speak to you the rest of the ride."

"You must—in this lane at any rate. Whom else am I to flirt with?"

"Is flirting a necessity?"

Beauregard burst out laughing.

"How like a woman! You have broken your resolve almost in the breath with which you uttered it!"

"You are too bad!" cried she, lifting her whip. "You deserve——"

"Your sweetest smile of forgiveness!" said he. The whip fell, and the smile was given.

"But you don't deserve it, though," she said.

"Never mind deserts—the thing is that I have obtained it. Open ground again. Stay! don't give rein; there is a wide, deep gully right across our path; any of the horses can take it—and you among the riders—I know; but not all."

Dallas and Travers knew the place; so did Angela, and could leap it. Beauregard suddenly spurred forward after Valerie and Westbrook, who, hearing the rapid hoof-strokes, turned round, within a hundred paces of the gully, which the latter knew of.

"Let's go for the leap!" exclaimed Valerie, in an unaccountable spirit of mischief; but as the words passed her lips, as she grasped the reins more firmly for the rush, Beauregard was at her side, and his grip on the rein.

"No," he said, quickly, almost sternly, "not that!"

Valerie flashed up at him defiantly.

"Colonel Beauregard," she exclaimed, "I can do that leap!"

"Why, Beau!" cried Lord Westbrook, in a vexed tone, "Miss Herbert could leap that! Zoe——"

"Zoe," said Beauregard, interrupting him, but his hand still on the Arab's bridle, "can leap that, and land five feet on the other side, but I don't want her to send Valerie over her head!"

"But she wouldn't!" said the girl, still defiant. "Look! Angela has gone over, and Mrs. Dudley, splendidly!"

"They rode when they were babies. Forgive me. Westbrook, go on; I will ride round with Valerie."

"No, no!" said the girl; but Lord Westbrook turned his horse, remonstrating no more. Few people ever did remonstrate with Max Beauregard when he gave the word of command.

"I say yes," he answered Valerie, but in a softer tone; but she averted her head to watch Lord Westbrook make the leap as Beauregard turned the unwilling Arab away from the gully. She looked round after a minute's silence, which Colonel Beauregard did not break, but lifted her eyes no higher than his hand.

"You can loose the bridle," she said curtly. "I couldn't escape if I would."

He moved his hand at once.

"I know it," he said, coolly. "And I don't think you would escape if you could. Heaven knows, child," his voice changed utterly—there was deep tenderness—a ring of intense pain in its soft tones—"I don't want to thwart or wound you, though you seem to credit me with the wish; but I was fearful for you just now—too fearful, maybe; yet is that so unpardonable, Valerie?"

But Valerie's dark eyes were blind with tears; how selfish, cruel, ungrateful she had been! and yet, even while she resented his interference because he despised and condemned her, her heart had leaped within her that he had cared so much for her safety. With a choking sob, she stretched out her hand to him.

"Oh, Colonel Beauregard, please forgive me! I ought to be so grateful, and not angry. I don't think you want to thwart me——"

But Max Beauregard clasped the outstretched hand, and pressed his lips to it with a passion that for a moment mastered him.

"Hush!" he said; "you try me too much——" He stopped abruptly, released her hand, and turned away, riding on some paces without a word, fighting a fierce battle with himself. When he looked round again it was with a smile—the old sweet smile, but graver, sadder now—and he spoke very gently and quietly. "Then you forgive me; and I, if you will have it so," for she shook her head at his words, "forgive you; and so—we are quits."

She answered "Yes" very soberly; not that she agreed that he had anything to ask forgiveness for (and he knew she did not), but because she was afraid to disagree. That kiss on her hand was burning into her heart, and making every nerve tremble. She only breathed freely when, putting their horses to the trot, they gained the point where the gully terminated, and joined the other riders.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A GAME OF CHESS.

Another ten days made Mrs. Langley's hopes in regard to Valerie sink to very few degrees above freezing point. She certainly did nothing, but rather the contrary, to win Max Beauregard's homage; she flirted with Lord Westbrook and Major Travers, with the former principally, and left the field entirely open for Lilias Dudley and Angela Musgrave; nor did Colonel Beauregard seek Valerie, that was clear, though even astute Mrs. Langley could not perceive that he avoided the girl. Angela, on the other hand, was not slow to profit by her opportunities, ably assisted by her sister; and Valerie seemed perfectly unmoved, quite willing to allow Angela "a walk over"—a consummation of which, however, Mrs. Langley had no fear. Angela Musgrave was not a girl Max Beauregard would have selected if Valerie had never been born. But what possessed Valerie to fling away the very opportunity for which she had rejected Aston Lawford?

Mrs. Langley was beginning to grow angry, impatient. Was it possible that Valerie still cherished Louis' memory? Absurd! And yet, she reflected, anything seemed possible with this extraordinary girl.

"I must speak to her!" said Mrs. Langley to herself. "I thought things would right themselves, but it doesn't seem as if they would; and if there is risk in speaking, there is certainty of failure if matters go on as at present. She can't be falling in love with Westbrook; no girl would look at him with Max Beauregard by."

It chanced one morning that, as Mrs. Langley was breakfasting in her dressing-room about eleven o'clock, Valerie, over whose shortcomings her aunt was musing at the moment, came in, after a preliminary tap.

"Aunt Constance," said she, seating herself, not on the couch, but on the head of it, "Lady Elinor wants to know if you would like a drive in the park by-and-by. It is not a bit hot out, even for you!"

"Yes!" said Mrs. Langley. "I should, very much. But what are you doing?" glancing at an open book in the girl's hand. "And where are all the others?"

Valerie held up the book, laughing.

"Do you see the title?" she said. "'Beggar my Neighbor'—a lovely novel! I have been ensconced in the library for an hour reading this; and when I leave here I am going on with it. The others—let me see. Oh! Harry Dallas and Amy, they're always together, those two are on the terrace. Westbrook, Travers, Lady Elinor, Mrs. Dudley," counting on her fingers, "are playing lawn-tennis; and Colonel Beauregard is on the terrace (apart from the other two, of course!) teaching Angela to play chess. At least, he was half an hour ago."

"And what on earth," said Mrs. Langley, exceedingly annoyed by this last piece of intelligence, "makes you withdraw yourself from all the rest in this way?"

"I wanted to read!" said Valerie, swinging her foot backward and forward. "And one can't read and chatter, too!"

"You don't come to a country-house to sit in the library and read. You, of all people!"

"I, of all people," returned Valerie, coolly, "want a little time to myself now and then. I am bothered to death!"

"The penalty beauty always has to pay, my dear. You certainly," said Mrs. Langley, tartly, "don't seem to find Westbrook disagreeable."

Valerie laughed, but drew in her breath. She knew this was only skirmishing, the attack would come by-and-by.

"I like Westbrook," said she, "he is awful fun; and I can't flirt much with Dallas, because of Amy."

Mrs. Langley sipped her chocolate for a moment in silence; then she asked, abruptly:

"Who proposed the chess, Angela or Beauregard?"

"Angela, I think!" indifferently. "She'll never learn!" added Valerie, with another laugh.

"Nonsense! You don't suppose for an instant that Max Beauregard cares for Angela!"

No, Valerie did not. Somehow, that kiss pressed on her hand, more than a week ago, clung to it still; the thought of it made her heart beat and her veins glow now; yet she answered, carelessly:

"Not now, but he may; and Angela likes him!"

"And pray, Valerie, is it on her account that you do all you can to assure Colonel Beauregard that you are absolutely indifferent to him?"

Valerie looked straight at her aunt; there was a dangerous glitter in her eyes; otherwise, only a little quiver of the nostrils, a settling of the firm lips, nothing more.

Mrs. Langley returned the look for a moment, but it never wavered.

The elder lady spoke again:

"Valerie, let us understand each other clearly; am I to suppose that you still have any affection for Louis Charteris?"

"I always had an affection for him!"

"No jesting, Valerie; you know what I mean!"

"I never did love him!" said Valerie, "that was a mistake!"

"Valerie—forgive me—you are answering me truly?"

"Quite truly!" was the quiet reply. "Now may I go back to my book?"

Mrs. Langley paused for a moment, and reflected that it might be wiser to say no more at present. She had ascertained one valuable fact—that Valerie did not care for Louis Charteris. It would be better to leave other matters "to a more convenient season." The girl was certainly *difficile;* was she an incorrigible coquette, or were there some secret springs of action which she (Mrs. Langley) could not detect? She had thrown over Aston Lawford for Max Beauregard, and now she seemed to cast aside the prize she had played for.

"Yes, you may go now," said Mrs. Langley. "And tell Lady Elinor I shall be very pleased to join her about twelve o'clock."

Valerie went off, with still that light in her eyes; she needed to hear no more to know all that was left unsaid.

She stepped out on the terrace, on her way to the lawn. There were the groups she had left half an hour ago. Dallas and Amy, still walking up and down; Colonel Beauregard and Angela, half in light, half in shadow, the chess-table between them. Max saw Valerie's white-robed figure flitting past, but he did not turn his head from the game, and Angela did not dream how the farce he was forced to play wearied him.

"A wrong move!" he said, smiling. "Why, Angela, you are giving the bishop the rook's move!"

"Oh, how stupid!" she exclaimed. "So I am. I shall never learn to play chess."

"You will if you give your attention to it."

Angela glanced at him with a look that half implied: "How can I, when you are my teacher?" But though he saw the look, and read it aright, he did not seem to notice it; but half turned as Valerie, coming back from the lawn, slowly mounted the terrace steps, reading as she moved. A moment he looked at her, the sunlight pouring full on her golden head, the light breeze stirring the bright waves of hair. Then he called her name. She lifted her head and paused.

"Yes?" she said; but Angela's brow clouded.

"Come here!" said Colonel Beauregard; and Valerie sauntered carelessly along the terrace, and stopped by the chess-table.

"I have been trying for the last hour," said Max, "to make Angela understand the moves, and a minute ago she moved a bishop on the square. Will you come and teach her? You are a good player, are you not?"

"A pretty fair one." She had often played chess with Louis, at Welford, and was generally the victor. "But I am quite content to leave Angela to your tender mercies."

"I will be more diligent!" cried Angela.

But Beauregard answered Valerie:

"I don't want you to take my place, but Angela's, and show her how to play!"

"Oh, Max!" said Angela, with a pout.

Valerie looked at her, at her book, at Beauregard. Her heart pulled her one way, her fears another. Max, not raising his eyes from the board, said lightly:

"Do not fairies ever play mortal games?"

"What on earth do you mean, Max?" asked Angela, looking in perplexity from him to Valerie; but Valerie's heart leaped with a mingled throb of pain and pleasure, and half yielding, she said: "They do sometimes—and they read novels, too!"

But Beauregard saw that he had gained the outworks, and, soldier-like, carried the citadel by a *coup.*

"The novel has had its share!" he said, coolly, taking the book from her hand, and closing it; "come and play a game of chess instead!"

"Stand and deliver!" cried Valerie, hiding her embarrassment by a merry laugh. "You are a knight of the road, Colonel Beauregard!"

"I will ask pardon," said he, "when you have scored a victory, or—a second defeat!"

"I haven't admitted a first defeat," said Valerie.

"I can dispense with admissions. Soldiers look at deeds rather than to words. Angela won't mind your taking her place for a little; will you, Angela? It will be a lesson to you to watch the game!"

Angela rose with a tolerable grace.

"You are very kind, Max," she said, "to put up with me so long. I hope I shall do better the next time."

"I am sure you will," he answered, resetting the pieces, while Valerie took the chair vacated by Angela, the latter seating

herself on another chair that stood near the table.

The opening moves were just made when Lord Westbrook made his appearance on the terrace, and came up to the table.

"Miss Herbert," he exclaimed, "Lady Elinor has left us to go for a drive. Won't you join us? We are at a standstill."

"I am engaged in another kind of battle," said Valerie, shaking her head. "If I were ubiquitous I would help you."

"Don't let me prevent you," said Beauregard, quickly. "If you prefer the lawn-tennis, we can have the chess-game another time."

"Yes, do come!" urged Lord Westbrook, with an imploring glance at Valerie, which had not the slightest effect.

"No; you must excuse me, please," she said.

The young man's face fell.

"What shall we do then?" he said. "Lady Angela, are you afraid of the sun? There is a good deal of shade where we are playing. Do take pity on us!"

Thus adjured, Angela could not well refuse, though she was only made a substitute for Valerie; but then Valerie was a particularly good player, and Lady Angela only an indifferent one.

"I suppose I must," she said, rising, "though I wanted to watch this game."

"Oh, you had much better be a ministering angel!" exclaimed Lord Westbrook; and he carried off in triumph his reluctant captive.

Valerie trembled inwardly when she saw them depart, and was thus left quite alone with Max Beauregard; for even Dallas and Amy Linwood had quitted the terrace, and the chess-players' *tete-a-tete* was as complete as if they had been in the Abbot's Glen itself. They could not even see or be seen by the players on the lawn, though the voices and laughter of the latter came distinctly to their ears.

How thin was the web that divided them! If only his hand had swept it aside for a moment; if only he had forgotten that she loved the world too well, and remembered nothing but his love for her! But even while he looked at her, and the glamour of her pathetic beauty tempted him almost beyond his strength, the sinister shadow still hovered above her—that thought was ever present:

[To be Continued]

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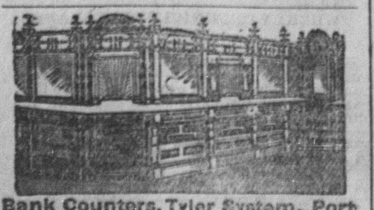
WORST CASES CURED TO STAY CURED IF UNCOMPLICATED BY ORGANIC DISEASE. Incurable cases declined.
WE WANT NAME OF EVERY ASTHMATIC. Examination free by mail.
P. HAROLD HAYES M.D. BUFFALO, N. Y.



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TYLER DESK CO., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

THE STATE FREE FROM DEBT.

Result of Republican Housekeeping in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia Times.

Just fifty years ago the greatest feat performed by a locomotive up to that time, was performed by an engineer of the Columbia road, then belonging to the State, who brought to this city from Harrisburg in four hours and twenty minutes, a copy of the special message to the Legislature of Governor Porter on the then exceptionally grave question of repudiating the debt of the State. Professor Morse had not then perfected his magnetic telegraph; the swiftest means of communication known was the locomotive that did well in those days when it reached the speed of twelve miles an hour.

Pennsylvania owed $41.000,000 of debt and it was regarded as a lead so crushing that her people could not even pay the interest. Repudiation stared the great Commonwealth in the face; none then dreamed of the State ever being able to pay the principal of over $41,000,000 of debt, and it was a disputed question as to the possibility of maintaining the credit of the State by meeting the demands for interest. Fortunately Governor Porter was a man of heroic mould and he made an earnest appeal to the Legislature against the suicidal policy of repudiation.

Even with the Governor demanding honest action on the part of the State the question of repudiation inspired most earnest discussions in the Legislative halls, and Senator McLanahan, then representing Franklin and Cumberland, and later a prominent member of Congress, made a more than State reputation by his eloquent protest against repudiation and the dishonor of a great Commonwealth. The representatives of the people were unwilling to levy taxes to meet the interest due on the public debt, but, fortunately, it was equally unwilling to accept repudiation, and a middle ground was chosen that solved the problem of public safety by issuing "relief notes" through the banks, for which the State was responsible, being practically a forced loan from the banking institutions.

Thus was the peril of repudiation averted fifty years ago. Since then Pennsylvania expended for the prosecution of civil war more than five times the entire debt of the State in 1841. At that time there was not an asylum or a normal school within the limits of Pennsylvania, and free schools were known only in the most enlightened portions of the State. Since then millions have been expended for asylums, for normal schools, for soldiers' orphans' schools and in countless other channels of public beneficence. With all these extraordinary expenditures the debt of the State has been steadily reduced until the statement of State Treasurer Boyer for the last year shows the balance of the public debt unprovided for to be only $3,046,984.04, with a balance of $4,720,721.80 in the Treasury, exclusive of the money due to the sinking fund. Thus Pennsylvania is to-day substantially free from debt, as every dollar due to her creditors could be paid out of State funds now in the hands of the Sinking fund and State Treasurer, and leaving a balance of $2,700,000 as surplus over all indebtedness.

Pennsylvania is thus for the first time in her history not only free from debt but has a considerable surplus over all indebtedness in her State Treasury, and fitly commemorate the extinction of all State indebtedness by the appropriation of $5,000,000 for the support of the public schools and the return of three-fourths of the personal and property taxes to the treasuries of the several counties of the State. Such is the financial condition of this great Empire by courtesy called a State, and with entire freedom from debt and with revenues even in excess of her most generous expenditures, who can measure the progress of this first and noblest of the Commonwealths of the Republican.

A Notable Law Suit.

A notable law suit is now on trial in the Blair county courts, before Judge John K. Wickham, of Beaver county. Frederick Jaekel, a railway promoter of Philadelphia, seeks to recover the sum of $120,000 from Israel C. Caldwell, of Philadelphia. Jaekel alleges that he was employed by Caldwell to develop 3,168 acres of coal land, which the defendant owns in Cambria county. To bring these lands into the market, he projected the Cresson, Clearfield and New York short route railroad and spent five years in interesting eastern capitalists in the enterprise.

The lands were finally sold for $335,000, and Jaekel claims that he was to receive all sums in excess of $215,000 for his services. John M. Bailey, Esq., of Huntingdon, represents the plaintiff, and ex-Judge Orvis, of Bellefonte, the defendant. The names of three supreme court candidates, Judges John M. Dean, Harry White and John Wickham, are connected with the case.

A Straight Answer Required.

Washington dispatches clearly define the existing complications in regard to Behring Sea. The attitude of the President in demanding that the British Government shall make a plain and definite answer to the propositions of the United States will be heartily commended by the country. This nation is tired of Lord Salisbury's evasion and equivocation.

When you buy your spring medicine you should get the best, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It thoroughly purifies the blood.

Wages, Clothing and Food.

"An injury to one is the concern of all" is one of the wise mottoes of trades unions. All workingmen recognize its truth, especially those that are in trades unions. The workmen in an establishment on this side of the street do not like to hear that the wages of an establishment on the other side of the street have been cut down. They know that it hurts them indirectly, if it does not hurt them directly.

Now the same principle holds good as between wages in an industry that is protected and an industry that is not protected by a high duty. This admission of General Francis A. Walker, a leading free trade political economist, is therefore interesting to all workingmen:

It is perfectly true; as the protectionist asserts, that a tariff of customs duties upon foreign goods imported into new countries tends to create and maintain high rates of wages in the factory industries.—*General Francis A. Walker's "Political Economy," advanced course, section 263.*

If it creates and maintains high rates of wages in the factory industries it must have a like tendency in other industries. If a single duty, the pearl button duty, has increased the number of factories making that article from 17 to 77, as it has, the effect of such a tariff law as the McKinley bill is clearly to increase the demand for labor and to absorb the supply.

The free trade theorist and the Democratic demagogue will tell the workingman, however, that he is taxed on his clothing and household utensils. The facts do not sustain this assertion. Here is the testimony of Superintendent Jackson of the old immigration establishment at Castle Garden before a Congressional committee April 9, 1890.

Immigrants bring less baggage than formerly, because they have found out that clothing and household supplies are as low as in the old countries.

How, then, is the workingman taxed? Is it on his food? Who are doing most to give to him cheap food—the protectionists, with free sugar and reciprocity treaties with coffee and fruit countries, or the free traders, who are just now trying to take off the tariff on wool, which has cheapened mutton by increasing the number of sheep in the United States from 28,477,397 in 1870 to 44,336,072 in 1890, which, making allowance for the increase of population, means over 15 per cent. more mutton per capita? What has the workingman got against a tariff system that increases the demand for labor, the wages of labor, and the supply of food, without injuring him at any other point?

Fillmore Items.

Joseph Tressler moved from Fillmore to Bald Eagle where he intends to farm and follow shoemaking.

Benner Way, after a week's visit to Blair and Huntingdon counties, returned home last Thursday.

Mr. Jacob Lutz, who has been farming for his father at this place, has purchased a valuable team and will do hauling at Philipsburg. Jacob is going to be married in the near future.

Misses Eva and Laura Kephart spent last Friday in Bellefonte, Miss Eva intends going west in the near future.

Samuel Kelly is going to move to Oak Hall to work for John Strouse who is a tenant on the Dr. Hale farm. It is a six horse farm.

On Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock Mr. William Mechtly died at his home at Buffalo Run after an illness of only about two weeks. The cause of his death was typhoid pneumonia. Mr. Mechtly was a farmer and lived on the widow Gray's farm. He was a good citizen and will be greatly missed by all his neighbors. He was aged about 50 years. A wife and two children are left to mourn their loss. The funeral occurred on Saturday morning, March 26th, at ten o'clock, interment being made at Hunter's cemetery, near Fillmore.

WARNED IN TIME.

People will have themselves largely to blame if the horrid grip secures a foothold here this winter. The Board of Health sounded a note of warning a few days ago. Physicians all agree that with proper precautions the disease may be prevented. Aged and enfeebled persons, in fact any one whose systems is run down, require a healthful stimulant just now. The medical faculty are a unit upon this point. Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" rye whiskies which sell respectively at $1.50 and $1.25 per full quart are the purest and best stimulant known. The most skilled practitioners in the country indorse and prescribe these brands and leading hospitals use them exclusively. Major Klein also sells Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson, Overholt and Bear Creek at $1 per quart or six quarts for $5. His establishment is headquarters for everything in the liquor line. Goods expressed everywhere. Send for Catalogue, mentioning this paper, to.
MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St.,
Allegheny City, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

I HAVE been a great sufferer from catarrh for over ten years; had it very bad, could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep and had to walk the floor. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm and am using it freely, it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it. It is curing my deafness.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Lamp-chimneys cost so little that we let them go on breaking. We go on buying and grumbling.

What should we do?

Get Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass;" they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are fine, well made, exact; they fit the lamps they are made for; stand upright the shade is right; they make a right draught for light; they are uniform. Both bear a label for your protection. Look for it

Be willing to pay a nickel more and stop this constant expense and annoyance.

Pittsburgh, Pa. GEO. A. MACBETH & Co.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
UNLIKE ANY OTHER
For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.
SOOTHING-HEALING
Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.
Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.
Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $1. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH
PRICE 50 CTS.
IT IS THE BEST. EASIEST TO USE. & THE CHEAPEST.
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LOST MANHOOD!

BEFORE AND AFTER USE.

"NERVITIN" (Piver's French Nerve Remedy,) is sold with a Written Guarantee to cure all Nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Nervousness, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power in either sex, caused by over-exertion or youthful indiscretion, which ultimately lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Price, $1.00 a package. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund money. By mail to any address. PIVER'S REMEDY CO., Toledo, O.

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A New and Wonderful Discovery
which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.
Write for treatise and testimonials.
PRICE, 75 CENTS.
Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

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538 North Fourth St., below Green. PHILADELPHIA, Regular registered Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the best Colleges. The acknowledged most successful specialist for speedy, safely and permanently curing.
SPECIAL DISEASES, of both sexes, by an entirely new discovery. BLOOD POISON discharges etc., obstinate hard or soft ulcers, skin eruptions, blotches, pimples, swellings, inflammations, Bladder, Kidney, Heart, lung, liver, stomach, mouth, throat, nose, early decay, debility, loss of mental and physical strength, melancholy, pains from excesses or youthful errors. Cure is positive and lasting relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days, no experiment but skill and science. Do not be humbugged by deceiving advertisements but call or write and be saved. $15,000 will be paid to any advertising Doctor or Quacks who can show as many hopeless cases cured as I can. Send 2 cents stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials, exposing quacks and advise to all sufferers and those contemplating marriage. OFFICE HOURS—Every Day from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., Evenings 6—9, Wednesday & Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9—12. Strictly confidential.
For REFERENCES see Wed. and Sat. Philadelphia Times.

VIOLA CREAM
The Chain of evidence is now complete—that DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM is the only preparation that positively does all that is claimed for it. It removes Freckles, Liver-moles, Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, and all imperfections of the skin, without injury. A few applications will render a rough or red skin soft, smooth and white. It is not a cosmetic to cover defects, but a cure, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 50c. At druggists; or sent by mail. Send for testimonials,
G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, - - OHIO.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	WESTWARD A.M	P.M.
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.9	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 58	4 55
Curtin	19 9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	28.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 30	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 36	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	7 49	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 45	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	EASTWARD P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	8 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.6	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	15.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 19
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 29
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 39
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 49
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 04
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 8
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 15	9 40
Mill Hall	51.3	10 38	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 39	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.			Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M	A.M					
5 05	9 51		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	6.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	12.0	8 48	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loverville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 39
6 25	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.31 a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.50 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis. Westward					Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	6.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.10	6.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.10	6.35
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	6.25
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.55	6.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.42	6.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	6.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.36
28.9	7.33	3.38	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.37
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH, General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON, General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL, Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAILROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.					WESTWARD.	
No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	No.1	No.
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.
6 20	9 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE. Lv	0.	6 00	3
6 13	9 03	17.	Scales	1.	6 37	3
6 08	8 59	16.	Morris	2.	6 11	3
6 03	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 15	3
5 59	8 51		Linn		6 1	3 25
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Filmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 42
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Stormstown			3 53
	8 19		Red Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	16.	7 00	4
5 20	7 20	0.	LvSTATE COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.
Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.
Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.
THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily ... 11 25 p m
" " Harrisburg " ... 3 35 a m
" " William'port " ... 7 10 a m
" " Jersey Shore " ... 7 31 a m
" " Lock Haven " ... 7 55 a m
" " Renovo " ... 8 55 a m
" arrives Erie " ... 3 40 p m
GRA EX. l'ves Phila week d'ys.. 8 50 a m
" " Harrsburg " ... 12 00 m
" arrives at Wmsport " ... 3 20 p m
" " Lock Haven " ... 4 10 p m
" " Renovo " ... 5 15 p m
" " Kane " ... 9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at ... 5 30 p m
FAST LINE leaves Phila. week days. 11 40 a m
" " Harrisburg " ... 3 45 p m
" " Williamsport " ... 7 10 p m
" arrives at Lock Haven " ... 8 02 p m
" " Renovo " ... 9 00 p m
NEWS EX. l'ves Philadelphia ... 4 3 a m
" " Harrisburg ... 8 10 a m
" " Williamsport ... 11 20 a m
" " arrives at Lock Haven ... 12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex. l'ves Phila ... 4 25 p m
" " Harrisburg ... 7 32 p m
" " arrive Williamsport. 10 20 p m

EASTWARD.

Sea Shore Express l'ves L Haven w 7 20 a m
" " Jersey Shore. 7 48 a m
" " Wms'port ... 8 25 a m
" arrives at Harrisburg 11 25 a m
" " Phila ... 3 15 a m
DAY EX. leaves Kane week days... 6 30 a m
" " Renovo ... 10 20 a m
" " Lock Haven ... 11 20 a m
" " Williamsport ... 12 30 p m
" arrives at Harrisburg ... 3 30 p m
" " Philadelphia ... 6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie daily ... 5 27 p m
" " Renovo ... 10 25 p m
" " Lock Haven ... 11 25 p m
" " Williamsport ... 12 25 p m
" arrives at Harrisburg ... 3 22 p m
" " Philadelphia ... 6 50 p m
RENOVO ACC'N leaves Renovo ... 4 45 p m
" " arrives at Harrisburg ... 10 05 p m
" " Philadelphia ... 4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP. lv's Wms'port ... 2 42 a m
" " arrives at Harrisburg. 5 30 a m
" leaves " 7 00 a m
" arrives at Philadelphia ... 10 20 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with R. P. & W. N. N.; at Emporium with P. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V R. R.
ROBERT NEILSON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro.	B S Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall.	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart.	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halees " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard " N. G.	Fletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty " D M	Burlew	Blanchard
Marion " S H	Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn " W F	Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	J. K. McMullen	SnowShoe
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M P Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union " B	W Shipley	Fleming
Walker " O	P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth " S	R. Pringle	Port Matilda

A TOWN BUILT UP BY PROTECTION.

Cheers From Happy and Prosperous Workmen for Alfred Dolge and Governor McKinley—Mr. Dolge's Speech.

Dolgeville, New York, January 30. The twenty-third annual reuion of the employees of Alfred Dolge, was held in this village this evening. Over five hundred workmen gathered about the banquet tables and cheered themselves hoarse for Dolge and McKinley. About eighteen years ago Mr. Dolge came to this village. It was then known on the maps of Herkimer county as Brockett's Bridge. He purchased an old tannery plant and in a modest manner, began the manufacture of piano sounding boards and felt. A few years after, the felt shoe industry was added. To-day he is the largest manufacturer of the above-named articles in the United States. From a hamlet of two hundred people the village has grown to a place of 1,700 inhabitants, while the name of the town has been changed in honor of its founder, to Dolgeville. The name of Alfred Dolge is now familiar to both continents. He has in successful operation in his factory a system which he terms the just distribution of earnings, that is economic and equitable. This system cuts the entire ground from under Socialism, first guaranteeing laborers the menacing contingencies of accident, sickness and old age; and, second, in addition to giving them the full wages established by their social standing and living, it also gives them all the profit and surplus product they create. It is also free from philanthropy and paternalism, giving nothing to anybody except what he produces, and exacting from nobody anything but full service. It places a premium upon intelligence and energy, stimulates individuality, integrity and social freedom, and tends to elevate the social life of all concerned.

Mr. Dolge is also an ardent Protectionist, and in his speech this evening the name of McKinley electrified the workmen and they responded with cheers that fairly shook the building. This village owes its existence to the protection principles of the Republican party. Free-Traders do not thrive here, and as a result at every election Dolgeville voters record an almost unanimous verdict for the Republican party. Here is a part of what Mr. Dolge said in his speech to-night.

"Our friends of the Free-Trade press had a good deal to say last year, because I told you that on account of the McKinley Bill I could increase your wages about 12½ per cent. and reduce the hours of labor to nine and one-half. They pretended with an impudence that was sublime, that I was getting forty per cent. more for the felt we make, and was making an extra profit of over $500,000, because of the McKinley bill, the raise in wages of 12 per cent. was not near enough and I should have given you much more. All of you know that we do not get one cent more than we did before for the goods which we have made since the passage of the McKinley bill. On the contrary, the prices of some of our goods have been lowered. And with all that I find myself in a position where I can raise the wages of some of you feltmakers another ten per cent. this year, because of this very McKinley bill. We are no longer at the mercy of the importer of foreign felts. We can keep our machinery going the year round, and know that our competitor cannot sell any cheaper than we unless he has superior methods of making felt.

"If protection prevails, if we have a period of rest from agitation, so that we can conduct our business on the basis of ts present adjustment to tariff laws, I believe the hours of work can be reduced within a year or two to nine per day. I think you will agree with me that this can be safely done after the experience of this year.

"It is true on some of the machines less goods have been made, because a machine cannot possibly make as many revolutions in nine and one-half hours as it does in ten hours, but on the whole we have turned out as many goods during the last year while working nine and one-half hours as we did working ten.

"At the risk of again being accused of making propaganda for a political party, I must state that this reduction of working hours and maintenance of the present rate of wages is only possible if protection prevails.

"The Free-Traders cannot say they did last year that this is an empty threat Hardly have they assembled at Washington than a bill is offered putting wool on the free list. In the speeches they make and in their newspapers they argue that the road for free-trade will be clear as soon as the wool tariff is 'smashed.' The Free-Traders appeal again (as they have always done) to selfishness; this time to the selfishness of the manufacturer, they and seem to think that they can make the manufacturer believe that free wool would be a benefit to him and his work-people. You might as well tell a teamster to kill his horses because he has to pay for their feed.

"The phrase 'tariff smashing,' invented by the Free-Traders, is characteristic. 'Smashing' means to break to pieces, to destroy; free-traders have never been known to build up, to preserve or protect anything. They have always been bent upon smashing, breaking, destroying whatever they could.

"I do not believe the American people will look on and see the Free-Traders smash things! I believe that protection has come to stay, that we may work out our destiny and become the greatest industrial nation this earth has known. If protection prevails, and I do not doubt for a moment that it will, you will see one factory after another put up in our village as you have seen factories put up along the Mohawk Valley during the last year. Dolgeville will prosper as the entire country has prospered during the year and a quarter that the McKinley bill has been in operation. Fifteen months of practical experience with the McKinley bill have demonstrated its beneficial results in all directions and yet the Free-Traders are threatening to disturb all our business relations, throw the country into turmoil, smash, break up and destroy what has so far been beneficial. I believe I voice the sentiment of the majority of business men, importers included when I say to the Free-Traders assembled at the Capitol at Washington, what Grant said after the War of the Rebellion: 'Let us have peace.'"

—Mr. Joseph Dillen, is still promising to visit Bellefonte, but he don't do it worth a cent.

Plain enough —the way to a clear complexion, free from blotches, pimples, eruptions, yellow spots, and roughness. Purify your blood, and you have it. With pure, rich blood, an active liver, good appetite and digestion, the hue of health follows. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives you all of them. It is *the* blood-purifier. There's no lack of them, but there's none like this. It's *guaranteed* to accomplish all that's claimed for it. In all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood, it benefits or cures, or the money is refunded. With an ordinary medicine, it couldn't be done. But this *isn't* an ordinary medicine.

It is the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

The "Discovery" acts equally well *all the year* round.

A GREAT MAGAZINE.

The Century's Program in 1892.—A New "Life of Columbus"—Articles for Farmers, etc.

That great American periodical, *The Century*, is going to outdo its own unrivaled record in its program for 1892. The leading novel of the year is "the Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling, the famous author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," written in collaboration with an American writer, Wolcott Balestier. In the March number begins a splended story of life in Dakota, "Ol' Pap's Flaxen," by Hamlin Garland, the well-known author of "Main Travelled Roads," etc., etc., and in May will begin another novel of the great West by Mary Hallock Foote. Both these last-named stories will be illustrated. There will be a valuable and suggestive series of articles "Of great practical value to farmers," treating especially of the relations of the Government to the farmer, what it is doing and what it should do. This series will include contributions from officers of the Department of Agriculture, and other well-known men will discuss "The Farmer's Discontent," "Cooperation," etc., etc. The April *Century* has in it an article on "Our Common Roads," which will be of the greatest practical value to all who are interested in good roads.

A celebrated Spanish writer is to furnish a "Life of Columbus," which will be brilliantly illustrated, and the publishers of *The Century* have arranged with the managers of the World's Fair to print articles on the buildings, etc., written by a practical architect. Both these attractive series of papers will begin in the May *Century*.

A series of essays on Poetry, contributed by "Edmund Clarence Stedman," is among the most valuable features of the year. These essays are popular as well as instructive, and many schools will arrange to use *The Century* as supplimentary reader during their continuance.

To get *The Century* send the yearly subscription price ($4.00) to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y. No cultivated home can afford to be without it.

General and Personal.

The French still fight an average of 4,000 duels a year.

Miss Moody, daughter of the well-known evangelist, is traveling in the Orient. She writes vividly of the scenes and scenery in Egypt.

Russell Sage has been sued for $160,000, damages by William B. Daidlaw, the clerk who says Sage made a shield of him when Norcross threw the bomb.

When a New York girl attempted to kiss a pet pony the other day, the animal resented the familiarity by burying his teeth in her lips, inflicting a severe wound.

Money is called "sterling" because in the time of Richard I. money coined in the east of Germany became, on account of its purity, in especial request in England, and was called Easterling money, as the people of that part of Germany were called Easterlings.

The illness of Lamont, private secretary to President Cleveland, looks like another warning against the dangers of overwork, or rather against that neglect of the rules of health so frequently indulged in by our ambitious and energetic workers, which is peculiarly an American failing.

Some experimental tests in regard to the strength of waterproof bricks have resulted in exhibiting a resistance to crushing on their part of from 5,000 to 22,000 pounds per square inch, according to the quality or grade of the bricks—the average of ten varieties being 6,150 pounds per square inch.

An American lady, bent on being original in the selection of her attire, has just invested in a wonderful dress, the trimming of which consisted of 1,800 buttons various colors, shapes and sizes. There are 100 buttons on each sleeve, 330 on the collar and the remainder are distributed all over the garment.

Miss Hayden, architect of the woman's building at the World's Fair, is a Chilean, and her mother was a Peruvain of Spanish ancestry. Her large, imaginative eyes, deep in their grave and sensitive light; her low, broad brows, full of meditativeness; her oval face and olive complexion, her low, soft, full voice and her characteristic lips are altogether suggestive of the Latin type.

"Presses" Ordered.

We have received the Philadelphia Weekley Press for the following parties this week if they do not receive it promptly they will confer a favor by sending notice to this office at once.

George S. Gray, Stormstown, Benner Waddle, Buffalo Run, Albert Smeltzer, Bellefonte, John Decker, Hublersburg, Mrs. Sarah Thompson, Fillmore, Joseph T. Holter, Howard, John S. Holmes, Walker, William T. Beatty, Quinton McKane Co. Pa.

Editors Pardoned.

On Friday Governor Pattison approved the recommendation of the Board of Pardons for a pardon in the cases of editors Mellon & Porter, of the Beaver *Star*, who were convicted and recently sentenced to six months' imprisonment for libelling Senator Quay. The action of the Board of Pardons meets the hearty approval of the majority of the citizens of the State.

"Guide to Health," a valuable book, containing the indorsements of prominent regard to the "Anchor Pain Expeller," the best known remedy for all forms of Rheumatic disease. Mailed free of charge on application to F. Ad. Richter & Co., 310 Broadway, New York City.

"THE BEST OF"

Children's Magazines.

The publishers of *St. Nicholas*, that famous young folks' magazine, are offering to send a sample copy, free of charge, to any father or mother who would like to consider the question of taking a children's magazine during the year to come.

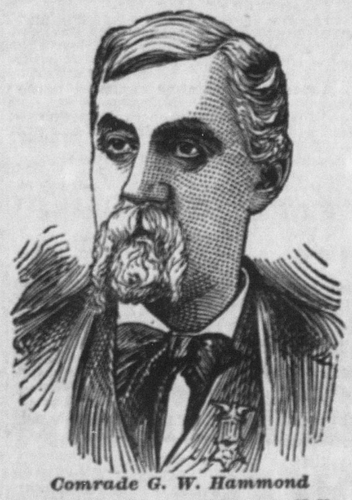
Certainly if that question is up for discussion in any household *St. Nicholas* will be the magazine selected. From its first number, in 1873, the pens of the greatest writers of the English world, and the pencils of the most famous illustrations, have been at its service. Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Thomas Hughes, Whittier, Bret. Harte, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Burnette, Miss Alcott, Donald G. Mitchell, George MacDonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Professer Proctor are a few of the many great names which have been upon its list of contributors. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is the editor. Everything in it is illustrated.

In 1892

there are to be serial stories by Brander Matthews, Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher the author of that charming book, "Majorie and Her Papa." Laura E. Richards, William O. Stoddard, Charles E. Carryl (the author of "Davy and the Goblin"), and Frances Courtenay Taylor. There will be short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Halleck Foote, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Octave Thanet, General O. O. Howard, and many others, with papers of travel and adventure by J. T. Trowbridge and Lieutenant Schwatka, and useful articles on "How Columbus Reckoned," "William the Conquerer," "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," "Straight Lines and Circles," etc. In "Strange Corners of Our Country" the Great American Desert, the Cliff Dwellings of Arizona, and other interesting places, will be described, and in "Honors to the Flag" and "Boys and the National Guard" the patriotism of the young readers will be aroused and stimulated. Julian Ralph is to describe "The making of a Great News paper," and the arc and incandescent lights are to be clearly explained.

Applied Christianity

is what *St. Nicholas* teaches;—unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems and pictures. Do you need such an assistant in your work with your boys and your girls? If so, and if you are not already familiar with *St. Nicholas*, send a postal card to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y., and ask to see a sample copy. A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* makes a splendid Christmas present, for it brings Christmas twelve times a year.



Comrade G. W. Hammond
of Root Post, G. A. R., of Syracuse, N. Y.

Wounded at Gettysburg

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I was in the Army of the Potomac and in the great battle of Gettysburg was struck in the ankle by a minnie ball, which smashed the bone. My leg was amputated in the field hospital, and after a long time it healed. I was discharged and went home. After 8 years

My Wound Broke Open

afresh. Dr. Pease amputated an inch of the bone, and it healed. Four years later it once more opened, and for eight years how I suffered! I do not believe it possible for a human being to suffer worse agony. During this time I had to go on crutches, being unable to wear a wooden leg. Whenever possible I relieved my sufferings by taking opiate, but when I was obliged to go without it, I suffered fearfully and thought I **should go crazy.** I tried every thing I could get with my limited means. Physicians said I would never be any better. Finally my

Blood Became Poisoned

and it broke out all over my face and on some parts of my body so that my face is all covered with scars now. One day I read of what Hood's Sarsaparilla would do. The first dollar I got I sent and bought a bottle and began taking it. A week or two later, my wife in dressing my leg, said it seemed to be improving, and after taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

a few months, thank God (and I say it reverently), the sores all over my body had healed, and now, four years later, have never shown any sign of reappearing." GEORGE M. HAMMOND, 219 Magnolia Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Col. C. A. Weaver

Commander of Root Post, G. A. R., himself a one armed veteran, fully confirms Mr. Hammond's statement, and J. L. Belden, the pharmacist, also endorses it.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

JOHN C. MILLER.

PRACTICAL ACCOUNTANT

Real Estate and Collection Agency.

Rents or Sells Property of all Kinds.

Does a General Collection Business

Opens or Closes Books for Firms or Individuals.

Special Attention Given to Collecting Rents and Business Accounts.

If you have any property for sale or rent or wish to buy or rent property, call and see me at

Room 13, Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte, Pa.

JOHN C. MILLER.

21 19 1m

RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERING---HELP AT HAND!

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

(Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless).

THE GREAT SPRING TONIC AND RESTORATIVE.

All who need a strengthening medicine—all who are nervous, weak, tired, languid, exhausted in nerve power and physical strength; who are sleepless, wake tired and unrefreshed, without, strength and energy for the day's work; who have poor blood, headache, backache, dyspepsia, indigestion, gas, bloating, faint feelings, loss of appetite, constipation, kidney or liver complaint, should read the following:

"I was broken down with nervous and physical prostration before using **Dr. Greene's Nervura**, and life was a burden. *I wish I could shout loud enough so all the world could hear, and tell them the good* **Dr. Greene's Nervura** *has done for me.* It has made me from a *weak, trembling, nervous, irritable* man to one who feels he is on the highway to long years of health and happiness through **Dr. Greene's Nervura.** ANDREW H. OLNEY, Gibson, Steuben Co., N. Y."

"I was terribly weak, nervous and prostrated. I took **Dr. Greene's Nervur**, and *the effect was wonderful.* It stilled my nerves so I can sleep soundly, and the trembling and bearing down are cured. I am no longer constipated, while before I had to use injections every time. I can walk to the neighbors', *which I have not done before for two years*, and do my work. **I thank God for the great good Dr. Greene's Nervura has done me.**" MRS. S. M. HARDY, East Wilton, Me."

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA is the best strengthening Tonic, Invigorator and Restorative in existence, for it makes the weak strong, invigorates the tired and overworked brain, enriches and vitalizes the blood, nerves the weary limbs and restores health and strength. Use it, sufferer, and you will never regret it. Druggists, $1.00.

Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West 14th St., New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. *Write him in regard to your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out.*

PRINTING.

Parties desirous of obtaining Rock Bottom Prices on all kinds of printing will make no mistake if they address us. We have all modern facilities and will quote prices that will astonish you. We care not whether you have $1 or $1000 worth done.

PRESSWORK, FROM PLATES 50 CTS. PER 1000.

Our representative will call upon you if so advised. Address,

Republican, Bellefonte.

WHEN DOCTORS ALL AGREE.

It is a fact well established, that February and March are the most trying months to aged or enfeebled persons. Pneumonia, influenza and kindred chest afflictions, are most liable to get in their deadly work. There is but one thing to do build up and fortify the system with a pure stimulant. Medical men all over the country agree that Klein's "Silver Age" at $1.50 per quart, and "Duquense" at $1.25 per quart, stand without a peer. If you want fine six year old Guckenheimer, Finch Gibson, Overholt, or Bear Creek, you can have them at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. We are recognized headquarters for the choicest brands of Wine, Liquor, Cordials, etc. Goods expressed anywhere Send for complete price list; mention this paper too. MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

The Cleary Case Decided.

A telegram received this afternoon from Philadelphia states that the Supreme Court to-day handed down a decision in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Charles Cleary. The action of the lower court is affirmed and a new trial refused. Charles Cleary has now been confined in the Clinton county jail for over three years, having been twice tried and convicted of the murder of Policeman Philip Paul, at Renovo.

HANDSOME VS. HOMELY.

Who is that fine-looking lady that we just passed, Clara? Why, that is Mrs. Snow. Well, there, what a change; when I saw her last, her skin was so sallow and muddy looking, it's no wonder I didn't know her. What has produced that lovely complexion? I heard that she took Sulphur Bitters, the great blood purifier, and now would not be without them.

Knitters Wanted.

Girls wanted to knit at the Milroy Woolen Mill. Wages, while learning, somewhat more than cost of boarding. When learned girls can make very good wages by the piece. Apply in person or by letter with testimonials of character to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
m 10-tf. Milroy, Pa.

I WAS DISGUSTED

with the learned doctors after swallowing their costly medicine for over a year for the relief of catarrh in my head, when I cured myself by using six bottles of Sulphur Bitters. My wife is now taking them for nervous debility.—Abel Carter, Parker House, Boston.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712

Send Postal Card

FOR SAMPLE COPY OF THE

PITTSBURGH WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH.

$ Per Year.

IT IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HOME PAPER PUBLISHED.

LATEST NEWS OF THE WORLD.

PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.

The year 1892 being Presidential year, the interest in political affairs will be general. The Chronicle Telegraph's facilities for obtaining the most reliable information are UNEXCELLED IN AMERICA, and special care will be taken to give the most accurate and unbiased news obtainable.

THE SPECIAL FEATURES

Embrace, in addition to the very latest news departments FOR LADIES, FOR THE HOME, FARM AND GARDEN, INDUSTRIAL, MINING AND MANUFACTING, and alone are worth the subscription price—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Address
WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

By a liberal arrangement with the Pittsburgh Weekly Chronicle Telegraph we are enabled to offer a year's subscription to that paper and the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN for one year for $1.75.

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year **at special rates,** at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Save Yourself Money.—When you go to Pittsburg, Pa., stop at the Anchor Hotel, corner Liberty and Fourth streets. It is a strictly first-class Hotel conducted on the European plan. Lodgings, 25,—35, or 50 cents. a16-1y

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

a woman's remedy for woman's diseases, has stood the test of many years, and is to-day the only successful and harmless cure for all those peculiar weaknesses and

Diseases of Women,

organic diseases of the uterus or womb, inflammation, ovarian troubles, falling or displacement of the womb, faintness, nervous prostration, weak back, aches, etc.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Bald Eagle Nursery.

FRUIT, SHADE AND ORNAMENTAL TREES AND GRAPE VINES.

UNIONVILLE, FLEMING P. O., PA.

I wish to inform my old customers and the public generally, that I have about my usual amount of Stock on hand for Spring planting. My apple trees are of very thrifty growth, consisting of approved sorts for Central Pennsylvania. I will furnish price lists on application.

WM P FISHER.

PENSIONS

THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW. Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled.

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted, address

JAMES TANNER

Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washingtoy D. C. my2-dawln

PASTOR KOENIGS TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

Recommended as the Best. IX

LE MARS, PLYMOUTH CO., IA., May, 1889.

I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.

F. BORNHORST.

Extract From a Letter

of the Rev. J. McGowan, Cadyville, New York: "I recommend you to send for six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and let her use it as directed. It cured several in my parish."

EAST GLENNVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1890.

I used one bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for dizziness and nervous headache, and it did all you claim for it and even more. I had been suffering for years. MRS. P. HANCE.

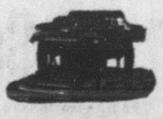
FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

Better Now than Last Year, probably Better Yet Next Year.



The Remington Standard Typewriter

keeps constantly improving in practical qualities, hence its constantly increasing popularity in the markets of the world.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, 834 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc.

Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP.

Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water.

To Suppress "Annie Rooney."

Pleasantville, N. J., while not conveying any other distinct impression to the public at large, has already become more or less famous for events which are hardly in harmony with its name. Its latest claim to fame is in the name of a disturbance which ought not to take place, especially in a town bearing that harmonious and peaceful name. It arises from the possession by Pleasantville of a young woman who objects to "Annie Rooney."

In this platform the Pleasantville young woman will awaken a responsive cord in the hearts of the general public as universal as the vociferations of that much warbled ditty. Even when the opposition goes to the length of shooting at the perpetrators of the alleged music, there is room for the opinion that the punishment would fit the magnitude of the crime. As Miss Annie Dreeder's opposition to the familiar jingle lies in its having given a personal application to herself by the obstreperous youth of the town who serenaded the cottage of her mother and herself at unseemly hours with the unmelodious assertion "She's my Annie, I'm her Joe," a jury not of the vicinage but of the nation would be apt to return a verdict of justifiable shooting as long as no one was hit.

It is, however, to be regretted that the hoodlum instincts of Pleasantville youth are so active that when they were informed by the shots from Mrs. Dreeder's revolver that their musical attentions were unreciprocated, they retaliated with return shots and with breaking the windows of the cottage with stones. Here we see the degree to which the popular song habit may go. Those who insist on warbling "Annie Rooney" at all hours are sufficient warnings: but when they try to constrain those who object with stones and revolver bullets the debasement of excessive indulgence in the "Annie Rooney" habit is made very plain.

Our sympathies are entirely with the Dreeder family, and it is to be hoped that the lone females will prove themselves, as they seem to be, sufficiently handy with weapons of offensive and defensive warfare to put down the nuisance. In the meantime, perpetrators of "Annie Rooney" elsewhere will please take notice that the example has been set of a resort to the revolver in self-defence.

5000 AGENTS WANTED QUICKLY to supply the IMMENSE demand for CONWELL'S LIFE OF SPURGEON, 500 pages, richly illustrated. Price, $1 50 A biography of the World's Greatest Divine, by the Spurgeon of America. Beware of cath-penny books; this is the standard Agents' success astonishing, interest intense. Send quick 30c. for outfit, and get the territory. Address

HUBBARD BROS., 406 Race St., Philadelphia.

Behring Sea Fisheries.

The blustering tone of certain influential English newspapers regarding the Behring Sea controversy should stimulate the patriotism of the American people. While Lord Salisbury's reply has not been made public, its contents have been communicated to the Federal Senate and it is clear that the English Government is not acting wisely nor discreetly in its treatment of a very delicate international question.

The dispatch of a portion of the English Pacific squadron northward may be full of significance, but it should not and will not deter President Harrison, as the representative of the American people, from firmly insisting on American rights. The seal fisheries question is to be submitted to arbitration, but this government holds that, pending a diplomatic or judicial settlement of that question, the seals must be protected from Canadian poachers.

Lord Salisbury is willing to arbitrate, but meanwhile does not seem willing to protect the seals from destruction. Submission to his proposition therefore would mean the possible extention of the seals, and arbitration of a question which would be deprived of its consequence and value.

This is not a jingo administration. It is an American administration, and it will have the support of every patriotic citizen in firmly maintaining the rights and the honor of the nation as against England, just as it had that support when it courageously upheld the national honor in the controversy with the feeble Chilean nation.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

—Lycoming county commissioners are now having a tussle with the board of Auditors over the payment to the former of their traveling expenses during the past year. The bill in total amounts to almost one thousand dollars and therefore is worth fighting over. The auditors are very determined in their efforts not to allow it while the commissioners are just as determined and seem to have the advantage of the law on their side.

Hoarseness,

so as to speak only in whispers; rough scraping sensation in the throat; soreness in the chest; cough from tickling in the throat are cured by HUMPHRIES' SPECIFIC NUMBER SEVEN.

—The Sixth State Sanitary Convention of Pennsylvania was held, under the auspices of the State Board of Health at Erie, Pa., on March 29th, 30th and 31st.

LABORING MEN! TAKE CARE!

LOSS OF TIME IS COSTLY!

ST. JACOBS OIL,

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,

CURES

RHEUMATISM,

Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Soreness, Stiffness, Swellings, Backache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Burns.

The Dairy Sweepstakes, The Creamery Sweepstakes,

THE GRAND SWEEPSTAKES,

and the **GOLD MEDAL,**

Was awarded to Butter Made by the

COOLEY CREAMER PROCESS.

At the annual meeting of the Vermont Dairymen's Association, Jan. 12th to 14th, 1892. Is not this a grand victory, there being over seventy competitors; the three judges stating that it was the finest lot of winter butter they ever saw. This makes the

23d GOLD MEDAL

awarded. No system can compare with the Cooley Creamer. Send for Full Illustrated Circulars.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.

Manufacturers of Creamery and Dairy Supplies.

The Triumph of Love! Happy and Fruitful Marriage.

Every MAN who would know the GRAND TRUTHS, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, should write for our **wonderful little book,** called "A TREATISE FOR MEN ONLY." To any earnest man we will mail one copy **Entirely Free,** in plain sealed cover. "A refuge from the quacks."

THE ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BEST ORGANS AND PIANOS

FOR EASIEST PAYMENT

The MASON & HAMLIN CO. now offer to rent any one of their famous Organs or Pianos for three months, giving the person hiring full opportunity to test it thoroughly in his own home, and return if he does not longer it. If he continues to hire it until the aggregate of rent paid amounts to the price of the instrument, IT BECOMES HIS PROPERTY WITHOUT FURTHER PAYMENT. Illustrated Catalogues, with net prices, free.

MASON AND HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.,

BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 28th day of March, 1892, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of April, the 24th day of April, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 28th day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1892, and the one huudred and fifteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

23 19 4t

DR. SELLERS' NEVER FAILS COUGH SYRUP. SOLD BY DRUGGIST

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23–25–26–28–35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE

M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

BEATTY Pianos $140, Organs $53. Want agst Cat'lg free Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. 23 19 4t

SALESMEN WANTED.

To sell NURSERY STOCK. We grow all the leading varieties, both old and new. We replace all stock that dies, and guarantee satisfaction. Highest salary or commission from the start. Write for terms.

H E Hooker Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y 23 19 4t

LOST A position, by not being quick enough.

FOUND A paying position as Salesman for choice Nursery Stock by writing

ERNEST J. BOWDEN & CO., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED The name and address of any person wanting work at good wages. 23 19 4t

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE

Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y. 23 19 4t

BOILING WATER OR MILK

EPPS'S

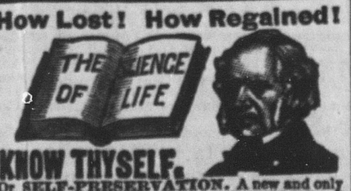
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY. 23 19 4t

MANHOOD!

How Lost! How Regained!



KNOW THYSELF.

Or SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only Gold Medal PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY, ERRORS of YOUTH, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE, and all DISEASES and WEAKNESSES of MAN. 300 pages, cloth, gilt; 125 invaluable prescriptions. Only $1.00 by mail, double sealed. Descriptive Prospectus with endorsements of the Press and voluntary testimonials of the cured. **FREE! SEND NOW.** Consultation in person or by mail. Expert treatment. INVIOLABLE SECRECY and CERTAIN CURE. Address Dr. W. H. Parker, or The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equal.—*Herald.*

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to be STRONG.—*Medical Review.* (Copyrighted. 23 19 4t

DOCTOR

J. B. Hobensack's

MEDICAL OFFICES

206 N. SECOND ST., PHILADELPHIA

Are the oldest in America for the treatment of

Special Disease and Youthful Errors

Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Ulcers, Runnings, Discharges, Stricture, Bladder, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, Permanently Cured by improved methods without detention from business. The doctor's success is due to his lifelong experience and study; to the pure vegetable remedies used and to the thorough examination and watchful attention given patients during treatment. A forty establishment is our guarantee of success.

Office hours, 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., 6 to 9 p. m. All day Saturday. Sundays, 10 to 12 a. m. Send stamp for book. dec2 1y

TWO ARBOR DAYS.

The 14th of April and the 6th of May Designated by Governor Pattison.

HARRISBURG, Pa., March 28.—This afternoon Governor Pattison issued his proclamation fixing two days to be observed as Arbor days by the people of this state. In it he says: "The benefits consequent upon a due observanee of "Arbor day" have been witnessed with interest and pleasure by the citizens of Pennsylvania. The planting and culture of trees and flowers cannot be too highly commended, nor its great importance too early impressed upon the youthful mind considered from a sanitary, intellectual, and financial point of view. It should be encouraged by every citizen who has an abiding interest in the future welfare of the common wealth. Now, therefore, I, Robert Pattison, governor of the said commonwealth, in accordance with custom, which has received the official sanction of our general assembly, whereby the governor is requested to appoint annually a day to be designated as Arbor day in Pennsylvania, and to recommend by proclamation to the public on the day named the planting of trees and shrubbery in the public school grounds and along the public highways throughout the state, do hereby designate and proclaim Thursday, the 14th day of April, and Friday, the 6th day of May, to be observed as Arbor days in Pennsylvania.

"The selection of either of the above designated days is left to the discretion of the people in the various sections of the commonwealth, each locality observing that day which is deemed to be the most favorable on account of climatic conditions. I call upon the people to lay aside for a season the habitual activities of the day, and devote sufficient time thereof to plant a forest, fruit or ornamental tree along the public highways and streams; in private and public parks, about the public school houses, and on the farms, thus promoting the pleasure, profit and prosperity of the people of the state; providing protection against floods and storms; securing health and comfort; increasing that which is beautiful and pleasing to the eye, comforting to physical life and elevating to the mind and heart. "Gifts that grow are best; hands that bless are blest; plant-life does the rest. Heaven and earth keep him who plants a tree, and his works its own regard shall be."

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Literary Notes.

The second article in the series of papers on "The Great Capitals of the World," now being published in *Harper's Weekly*, will be a description of St. Petersburg by Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogue. It will appear in the number of the *Weekly* published March 30th, and will be superbly illustrated.

A volume of short stories by Miss Grace King is announced as almost ready for publication It is entitled *Tales of a Time and Place*, and will be published by Harper and Brothers.

A remarkable story by Duffield Osborne, entitled "A man with a History," is announced to appear in *Harper's Bazar* for April 2d.

Frank D. Millet is well know not only as one of the foremost of American artists, but as a writer of no little power and originality. Some of his best stories, including the remarkable tale entitled "A Capillary Crime," have been collected in book form, and will soon be published by Harper and Brothers.

☞ Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 W. 14th street, New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call or write to him about your case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, &c., will be returned free.

"There are three classes of men who oppose the manufacture of tin-plates in this country," remarked a dealer in tin cans, "the British tin-plates and the free trade newspapers and orators." This is an interesting trinity. These elements are laboring to prevent the building up of an extensive tin-plate industry in this country. The British hostility is natural; it has been monopolizing the tin-plate industry of the world for years, to its great advantage, and it naturally desires to continue that sort of thing. The importers in the Eastern cities, now organized under the name of tin-plate consumers which is misleading, handle the British tin-plates and share the profits of that monopoly. Of course, they will lose these profits when the tin and terne plates used in this country are produced by factories in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and other States and sold direct to the tin-can manufacturers and the jobbers.—*Extract from The Indianapolis Journal, February 26, 1892.*

Common Soap

Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.

IVORY SOAP

DOES NOT.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed on the 29th day of March, A. D. 1824, the Commissioners of Centre county will sell at Public Sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Wednesday, the 13th day of April, A. D. 1892, the following described tracts of land purchased by the County at Treasurer's sale and which have remained unredeemed for the space of five years and upwards:

ACRS.	PER.	WARRANTEE.	TWP.
50		Andrew Coon	Benner
50		J D Harris	"
50		John Moore	"
100		J D Shugert	"
30		Unknown	"
383	163	Walbo Frazier	Boggs
300		Frank McCoy	"
46		Unknown	"
181		J M Lucas & J P Packer	"
433	163	Wm Gray	"
50		Unknown	"
431	137	Martha Goodfrey	"
143	53	Chas Hall	Burnside
415		Jesse Brooks	Curtin
400		J D Long	"
200		John Palmer	"
300		M L Atwood	"
100		Peter Smith	"
185		Wm P Brady	"
360		Martha Goodfrey	"
300	142	Jno W Goodfrey	"
400		Joseph Kelso	"
150		Sarah Lane	"
200		Mary Lane	"
433	153	Samuel Scott	"
30		John Curtin	"
150		Paul Custer	"
178	127	Andrew Carson	Gregg
446		Harry Spiker & C Weiser	Haines
135		H B Cawlew	"
100		George Fowler	"
196		A Ward	"
18		Thomas Castonas	"
15		Joseph Thompson	"
388		Geo Seidel	"
437	108	Jno Hartman	"
400		Bernard Grattz	"
106		——— Lowery	"
150		Unknown	"
125		Unknown	"
48		Daniel Beck	H'f Moon
50		Jno Irvin	Harris
400		James Reed	"
400		James Forbes	"
400		Wm Harrison	"
400		Robert Patterson	"
407	92	Kearney Wharton	"
215		Martha Goodfrey	Howard
415		" "	"
200	11	Wm Chancelor	Huston
400		Job W Packer	Liberty
30		Thomas King	"
½ of 100		Christian Nestlerode	"
400		Matthew Leech	"
30		Thomas King	"
50		D Carscadden	"
80		Robert Smith	"
168		Shaw & Lingle	"
20		Thomas Lucas	Marion
½ of 199		Paul Zautzinger	"
50		Unknown	"
150		Jno Hayes	Miles
280		Martin Wister	"
170		Wm Cook	"
357		Wm Grant	"
200		Thomas Smith	"
480		Wm Hamman	"
371		Wm Boyd	"
419		Hugh Boyd	"
410		Thomas Miles	"
404		Peter Tripp	"
426		Samuel Tripp	"
290		Wm P Brady	"
20		Henry Antis	"
130	123	Simeon Gratz	"
320		Joseph Fearon	"
250		John Housell	"
200		John Brady	"
17		Robt Lottimore	"
25		James Steadman	"
294		Robbert Taggart	"
401	46	James Cumming	"
300		Thomas Boyd	"
413		Joseph Tripp	"
405		Wm Housel	"
400		Daniel Seigfried	"
150		Wm Cooper	"
100		Unknown	"
100		Wm Cook	Penn
383		"	"
20		H B Fulmer	Potter
100		Samuel Young	"
400		Wm Harrison	"
122		Philip Eberman	Rush
300		Thomas Erskine	"
406		Barbara Snyder	"
433		Jacob Metzger	"
80		Unknown	"
433	153	Hannah Turner	"
200		John Burg	"
434		Thomas Grant	"
433	153	Jacob Slough	"
433	153	"	"
433	153	Kearney Wharton	"
394	117	Thomas Arthur	"
433	153	Mary Smith	"
216	80	Hugh Hamilton	"
423	162	Bennet Lucas	"
418		Casper Lawrence	"
323		Hugh Patton	"
200		Joseph Sands	"
433	153	Isaac Pritcher	"
100		John Copenhaver	"
321	58	Joseph Pimms	"
112		Geo M Hartline	"
433	153	Leslie Malone	"
50		Edward French	"
301	150	Geo Pimm	"
348	139	Henry Pimm	"
214		Jacob Stout	"
80		Unknown	"
216	80	Robert Rainey	"
¼		Richard Langdon	"
300		Jacob Reiley	Snow S'e
433		Geo Parker	"
169		Francis West	"
325		Wm Banks	"
325		"	"
400		Alexander Martin	"
218		Samuel Dabson	"
412		D Carscadden	"
400		David Williams	"
368	71	Jno M Nesbit	"
360	144	Hugh Pimm	"
287	80	David Carscaddon	"
412	44	"	"
412	44	"	"
433	153	D H Cunningham	"
353		John Ligget	"
200		J Z Long	"
360		John Pimm	"
360	144	John Reiley	"
75		Unknown	Spring
433	153	Joshua Williams	Taylor
300		Jasper Welsh	"
434		Polly Williams	"
100		Daniel Beck	"
80		Jacob Beck	"
58		John Beightol	"
434		Hugh Hamilton	"
398½		Ebenezer Brennam	Union
100		Samuel Phipps	"
383		Unknown	"
400		Jeremiah Parker	Walker
300		Wm Brady	"
500		Henry McEwen	"
50		Wm Swanry	"
25		Widow Morris	Worth
250		P R D Gray	"
¼		Unknown	"

GEO. L. GOODHART, T. F. ADAMS, J. B STROHM, } Commissioners.

Attest:

ROBERT F. HUNTER, Clerk.

Commissioner's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., March 8th, 1892.

LEWIS the ROBBER.

No doubt many of the early settlers of Bellefonte recollect the stories of Lewis, the Robber. He died after making a confession in your jail in 1820. "Life and Adventures of Lewis, the Robber and Counterfeiter," a pamphlet 5½x9 inches, 84 pages, paper cover, 25 cents, cloth 40 cents. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. 555 AGENTS WANTED. Liberal inducements to agents. Write for terms, mentioning this paper. C. D. RISHEL, Shiremanstown, Cumberland Co., Pa. 328 1m

A TOWN BUILT UP BY PROTECTION.

Cheers From Happy and Prosperous Workmen for Alfred Dolge and Governor McKinley—Mr. Dolge's Speech.

Dolgeville, New York, January 30. The twenty-third annual reuion of the employees of Alfred Dolge, was held in this village this evening. Over five hundred workmen gathered about the banquet tables and cheered themselves hoarse for Dolge and McKinley. About eighteen years ago Mr. Dolge came to this village. It was then known on the maps of Herkimer county as Brockett's Bridge. He purchased an old tannery plant and in a modest manner, began the manufacture of piano sounding boards and felt. A few years after, the felt shoe industry was added. To-day he is the largest manufacturer of the above-named articles in the United States. From a hamlet of two hundred people the village has grown to a place of 1,700 inhabitants, while the name of the town has been changed in honor of its founder, to Dolgeville. The name of Alfred Dolge is now familiar to both continents. He has in successful operation in his factory a system which he terms the just distribution of earnings, that is economic and equitable. This system cuts the entire ground from under Socialism, first guaranteeing laborers the menacing contingencies of accident, sickness and old age; and, second, in addition to giving them the full wages established by their social standing and living, it also gives them all the profit and surplus product they create. It is also free from philanthropy and paternalism, giving nothing to anybody except what he produces, and exacting from nobody anything but full service. It places a premium upon intelligence and energy, stimulates individuality, integrity and social freedom, and tends to elevate the social life of all concerned.

Mr. Dolge is also an ardent Protectionist, and in his speech this evening the name of McKinley electrified the workmen and they responded with cheers that fairly shook the building. This village owes its existence to the protection principles of the Republican party. Free-Traders do not thrive here, and as a result at every election Dolgeville voters record an almost unanimous verdict for the Republican party. Here is a part of what Mr. Dolge said in his speech to-night.

"Our friends of the Free-Trade press had a good deal to say last year, because I told you that on account of the McKinley Bill I could increase your wages about 12½ per cent. and reduce the hours of labor to nine and one-half. They pretended with an impudence that was sublime, that I was getting forty per cent. more for the felt we make, and was making an extra profit of over $500,000, because of the McKinley bill, the raise in wages of 12 per cent. was not near enough and I should have given you much more. All of you know that we do not get one cent more than we did before for the goods which we have made since the passage of the McKinley bill. On the contrary, the prices of some of our goods have been lowered. And with all that I find myself in a position where I can raise the wages of some of you feltmakers another ten per cent. this year, because of this very McKinley bill. We are no longer at the mercy of the importer of foreign felts. We can keep our machinery going the year round, and know that our competitor cannot sell any cheaper than we unless he has superior methods of making felt.

"If protection prevails, if we have a period of rest from agitation, so that we can conduct our business on the basis of its present adjustment to tariff laws, I believe the hours of work can be reduced within a year or two to nine per day. I think you will agree with me that this can be safely done after the experience of this year.

"It is true on some of the machines less goods have been made, because a machine cannot possibly make as many revolutions in nine and one-half hours as it does in ten hours, but on the whole we have turned out as many goods during the last year while working nine and one-half hours as we did working ten.

"At the risk of again being accused of making propaganda for a political party, I must state that this reduction of working hours and maintenance of the present rate of wages is only possible if protection prevails.

"The Free-Traders cannot say they did last year that this is an empty threat Hardly have they assembled at Washington than a bill is offered putting wool on the free list. In the speeches they make and in their newspapers they argue that the road for free-trade will be clear as soon as the wool tariff is 'smashed.' The Free-Traders appeal again (as they have always done) to selfishness; this time to the selfishness of the manufacturer, they and seem to think that they can make the manufacturer believe that free wool would be a benefit to him and his work-people. You might as well tell a teamster to kill his horses because he has to pay for their feed.

"The phrase 'tariff smashing,' invented by the Free-Traders, is characteristic. 'Smashing' means to break to pieces, to destroy; free-traders have never been known to build up. to preserve or protect anything. They have always been bent upon smashing, breaking, destroying whatever they could.

"I do not believe the American people will look on and see the Free-Traders smash things! I believe that protection has come to stay, that we may work out our destiny and become the greatest industrial nation this earth has known. If protection prevails, and I do not doubt for a moment that it will, you will see one factory after another put up in our village as you have seen factories put up along the Mohawk Valley during the last year. Dolgeville will prosper as the entire country has prospered during the year and a quarter that the McKinley bill has been in operation. Fifteen months of practical experience with the McKinley bill have demonstrated its beneficial results in all directions and yet the Free-Traders are threatening to disturb all our business relations, throw the country into turmoil, smash, break up and destroy what has so far been beneficial. I believe I voice the sentiment of the majority of business men, importers included when I say to the Free-Traders assembled at the Capitol at Washington, what Grant said after the War of the Rebellion: 'Let us have peace.'"

General and Personal.

The French still fight an average of 4,000 duels a year.

Miss Moody, daughter of the well-known evangelist, is traveling in the Orient. She writes vividly of the scenes and scenery in Egypt.

Russell Sage has been sued for $160,000, damages by William B. Daidlaw, the clerk who says Sage made a shield of him when Norcross threw the bomb.

When a New York girl attempted to kiss a pet pony the other day, the animal resented the familiarity by burying his teeth in her lips, inflicting a severe wound.

Money is called "sterling" because in the time of Richard I. money coined in the east of Germany became, on account of its purity, in especial request in England, and was called Easterling money, as the people of that part of Germany were called Easterlings.

The illness of Lamont, private secretary to President Cleveland, looks like another warning against the dangers of overwork, or rather against that neglect of the rules of health so frequently indulged in by our ambitious and energetic workers, which is peculiarly an American failing.

Some experimental tests in regard to the strength of waterproof bricks have resulted in exhibiting a resistance to crushing on their part of from 5,000 to 22,000 pounds per square inch, according to the quality or grade of the bricks—the average of ten varieties being 6,150 pounds per square inch.

An American lady, bent on being original in the selection of her attire, has just invested in a wonderful dress, the trimming of which consisted of 1,800 buttons various colors, shapes and sizes. There are 100 buttons on each sleeve, 330 on the collar and the remainder are distributed all over the garment.

Miss Hayden, architect of the woman's building at the World's Fair, is a Chilean, and her mother was a Peruvain of Spanish ancestry. Her large, imaginative eyes, deep in their grave and sensitive light; her low. broad brows, full of meditativeness; her oval face and olive complexion, her low, soft, full voice and her characteristic lips are altogether suggestive of the Latin type.

BUTLER'S BOOK.

BUTLER'S BOOK, by Benj. F. Butler. A review of his legal, Political and Military career. J. W. Keeler & Co., Philadelphia publishers.

The title page of this volume bears in addition to the above, the statement signed in autograph that it is the autobiography and personal reminiscences of Major General Benjamin F. Butler.

General Butler's ability and eccentricity assure a keen interest in anything he has to write about. Perhaps this is because of the quite, reckless way he has of jumping upon the toes of his enemies. There is humor as well as some forcity in his remarks upon men and things, and this book fairly bristle with the most scathing criticism and satire. It is certainly lively reading. The reader will have cause to wonder at the memory that enables the author to repeat verbatim after so many years, the conversational battles between himself end other noted people.

There are rows with General Scott and Admiral Porter and Secretary Seward, the latter described impatiently as "that man Seward." There are rows innumerable, some of them very interesting, but through them all there marches triumphantly the same portly though unmilitary figure of Ben Butler.

In the accounts of his doings at Baltimore, at Fortress Monroe, on the way to the Mississippi, at New Orleans and Fort Fisher are all written in the same tone of aggressive egotism, but the impression is not unpleasant and the historical value of the whole must be admitted.

Many of his statements have great importance and interest, and this particularly the case with regard to the known efforts of Napoleon III to meddle with our war. Butler relates that a small French warship, the Catinet, came to New Orleans, where he was in command.

The commander did not call upon him, but the crew sang rebel songs at night, whereupon Butler told them to stop that or he would stop them with a battery of artillery. He represents that he was soon after informed verbally by Secretary Seward that Napoleon had proposed to the English government that a treaty should be made with the Confederate agents, Mason and Slidell, on the condition that they would aid him in establishing Maximillian in Mexico; and that at once, without notice to the United States, the French fleet then at Martinique was to pass Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, as Farragut had done, and take New Orleans. Butler was directed to strengthen the forts at once, and hold New Orleans at all hazzards. If a French fleet tried to pass the forts he was to fire upon it—an act of war upon a neutral nation. He says: "If it became necessary for our government to make an explanation I knew enough of Seward to know that he would instantly deny that any such instructions were given me."

There are many other points in the book that must cause controversy, and there may be some hot replies from many parties not kindly mentioned.

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It is the mucus membrane, that wonderful semi-fluid envelope surrounding the delicate tissues of the air and food passages that Catarrh makes its stronghold. Once established. It eats into the very vitals and renders life a longdrawn breath of misery and disease, dulling the sense of hearing, trammeling the power of speech, destroying the faculty of smell, tainting the breath and killing the refined pleasures of taste. Insidiously by creeping on from a simple cold in the head, it assaults the membraneous lining and envelopes the bones, eating the delicate coats and causing Inflamation, slaughing and death. Nothing short of total eradication will secure health to the patient and all medicines are simply procrastinated sufferings leading to a fatal termination. Dr. Salm has by a treatment local and constitutional, made the cure of this dread disease a certainty, and has never failed. Even when the disease had made frightful inroads on delicate constitutions, hearing, smell and taste have been recovered and the disease thoroughly driven out.

Chronic Diseases.

The Doctors treat no acute diseases but make an entire specialty of chronic and long standing diseases. Cases given up by other doctors and pronounced incurable, they most desire to see The doctors have treated 15,000 cases in Ohio in the last fifteen years, many of which have been given up as incurable some to be blind, others deaf, and a large number to be invalids for life. But behold how they see and hear and many are started on the high road to recovery every day.

The Doctor is surrounded with the largest collection of fine instruments ever imported to this country for examining and treating all chronic diseases of the Head, Face, Throat, Eye, Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Skin, Brain and Nervous System Cancers, Tumors, Piles, Swellings, Old Sores, Fits, Paralysis Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gout, Sick Headache, Debility, Depression of Spirits, Diseases of Children, Hereditary Diseases etc., etc., and in fact all long standing and Chronic Diseases.

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Judge Furst, on Thursday, granted the following licenses for Huntingdon county:

John Miller, National House, Huntingdon.

Henry Leister, Leister House Huntingdon.

H. D. Reiners, wholesale liquor license, Huntingdon.

Martin Grube, distiller's license, Smithfield township.

James O'Neil, Mountain House, Broad Top City.

E. E. Barr, Union Hotel, Mill Creek.

The application of George B. McMahon, Washington House, Huntingdon, was held over until the 30th inst. when the Court will render a decision. It is rumored that there will be another landlord for the Washington House, and if so, a license, it is expected, will be granted. If this one is granted it will make three more than was granted last year.

Claimed His Own.

An old legend of the middle ages has it that once a church member died at a ball. Satan came along and took his soul, and was flying off with it, when St. Peter put after him and demanded it. "He was a Christain and you must give him up." "Christain! exclaimed Satan, "why I found him on my premises." "In that case, I give it up," replied St Peter. We commend the moral of the legend to all professing Christians who attend dances circuses, and other places of questionable amusement.—Ex.

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Soft and musical was the voice that replied:

"The fishermen are nearly ready to start. The squaws are just beaching their canoe, and some little lads are running along the shore to meet them, with a dog barking at their heels. But, oh, George, such a lovely sailboat has just come round the bend of the river; you can almost see her keel as she flies like a bird over the water."

"How you love the river, Wanda!"

"Yes, to me it is a thing of perpetual beauty, changing the expression of its loveliness with every cloud that floats over it."

"Tell me what you see now—just where you are sitting, without moving your head," he asked eagerly, turning his sightless eyes upon her—dark eyes,

"I SEE," SAID THE GIRL.

fringed with long lashes. You could not tell that he was blind, if you did not notice the changeless fixity of his gaze.

"I see," said the girl, obediently, "the broad river stretching like a lake of liquid silver for miles and miles, green as emerald where the shadow of the island falls on it. There are white caps on the waves, which glitter like snow tossed in sunshine. A low woodland lies on the other shore, dotted with white cottages; a woman is hanging out clothes in front of one of the little houses, while her children are paddling in the water."

"And the man in the boat?"

"He is there yet, fishing. He has just hooked a pickerel nearly a yard long. Now he has got it into the boat."

"I see it all!" the young man cried, enthusiastically. "I see it all, Wanda, with your eyes!"

"I am glad to be so useful to you, George," the girl replied, with a look of ineffable tenderness.

"And, when you are gone, all will be dark again. How selfishly happy I have been in your society."

"Hush!" she said. "You must not speak like this. You will have Kate and—"

"But Kate is not Wanda!"

There was a world of meaning in his words, and the girl's eyes filled with tears she could not repress.

"It seems but the other day," he continued, fretfully, "that good old Bladon brought me to Glastonbury. The physician had said that change of scene would do me good—fancy change of scene for a blind man, Wanda—and I cared not where I went, for all places were the same to me. But the smell of the pines was pleasant, and I felt the presence of the river. Little did I think that there was in store for me such a year of happiness as I have enjoyed. What a lucky day it was for me when Harry Evesham found me blundering along in my poor, helpless way right in front of a runaway horse and took me to his home. Then how generously Mrs. Evesham received me into her family circle, and—*I met you, Wanda!*"

"Yes, yes!" the girl said, hurriedly; but he could not see the quivering of her lip nor the deep crimson of her blush. "Alone as you were in the world, it must have been a pleasant experience for you."

"Ah, you may well say so. I never knew how sweet a one till now. But let us not waste words, Wanda, for this may be the last chance I may enjoy for months of speaking with you alone. You and I are similarly situated—waifs and strays in the world."

Then he added with a sad smile: "You have given me the priceless blessing of a sister's love—alas, with my affection, I dare not ask for more."

"A sister's love I give you freely."

Then her face lit up with a smile as she said: "You promised to tell me about yourself, George. Now, be a good boy and gratify my curiosity."

"Well, sister mine," he said, "I will give you my autobiography. I cannot say in the orthodox manner of story-tellers that I was 'born of poor but respectable parents,' for I am afraid mine were unromantically well to do. The early past is veiled in much obscurity. I have a dim recollection of a happy home across the seas—of a time when I could see all the beautiful things on earth—of a long illness which left me in total darkness—of a frantic father hurrying me away from the place of my birth—of long years of restless travel—and—that is all, Wanda."

"But, your father?"

"Ah, he was the dearest, kindest man who ever breathed the breath of life."

"Did he never speak to you of your childhood?"

"Never—on the contrary he forbade any allusion to it. For years he hurried me from place to place with restless persistency, always accompanied by old William Bladon, who seemed to be more a trusted friend than servant to him."

"What object could he have in leading such a nomad life?"

"That is more than I can tell you. As I got older I fancied he was flying from some terrible trouble—he seemed in such constant dread of recognition or pursuit."

"How strange!"

"Was it not? Well, the climax came at last. Just a year ago we reached Chicago from the far west. I was tired with travel, and my dear father was anxious about my health, for no woman could have been tenderer in her solicitude than he was of me. One day we were walking down State state, he, in gayer mood than usual, describing to me the stores and the sights. Suddenly I felt his grasp tighten on my arm and a thrill of emotion shake his frame—you see we blind are very sensitive, Wanda—then, a groan escaped his lips, I knew he was suffering from some great shock. 'Father, what is it?' I said. Then I heard a woman's voice quite close to us. 'So, we meet at last, Arthur Arundel,' it cried in a clear, musical tone, which nevertheless had a ring of anger in it, but which my quick perception recognized as the voice of a cultured woman. The next instant my poor father fell prone on the pavement; a crowd gathered; and he was carried to the hotel where he died in less than an hour."

"Without recovering consciousness?" Wanda asked, her eyes moist with tears of sympathy.

"Not quite so bad as that. He managed to say a few words to me before he died. 'My son,' he said, 'I am going where the wicked cease from troubling; but you will be left to be a shaft for their evil machinations. I cannot even put you on your guard against them. Trust implicitly in Bladon. It lies in my power to give you great wealth and high station, but the risk of acquisition would be ruinous to your peace of mind, and I bequeath you sufficient for all your needs—a hundred thousand dollars is deposited to your credit in the First national bank to New York.' Then he relapsed into a state of coma, only reviving for a moment to whisper in my ear: 'If ever you meet Wanda, tell her that her secret lies buried with me. It may allay her bitterness.'"

"Wanda!" the girl cried. "How strange! Why, I am Wanda."

"But not the Wanda he meant. His Wanda I fancy was some cruel enemy, perhaps the very woman whose presence caused his death. Oh, if my poor father could only have seen my Wanda!"

"Do you think he would have loved me, George?"

"Who could be with you and not love you, child?"

CHAPTER VI.

BLADON PLAYS MENTOR.

All the residential houses of Glastonbury were of the same monotonous pattern, shaped as though the builders had placed one big dry goods box endways towards the street, and then added as an afterthought another, at right angles to the rear, making a T. Add to this a plain porch, in some instances a stoop, and crown the whole with a low, sloping shingle-roof, paint the building white with green shutters, and you have the typical picture of a Glastonbury homestead. Of course, it was a wooden city, with not a single brick edifice in it to relieve the eye, except the courthouse, and that was, if possible, more angular and gauche than its humbler neighbors.

But, if the primitive architecture shocks your educated eye, you cannot but be charmed with the gardens, or "yards" as the natives call them, and the orchards which surround them.

In one of the more ambitious of these edifices, George Arundel and his faithful friend and servitor, William Bladon, have taken lodgings.

It is the latter, who in the early dawn of morning comes forth in his shirt sleeves to the sidewalk and peers anxiously down the road. He is a short, thick-set man, probably about sixty years of age, with a clean-shaven face and hair as white as snow. Evidently something has discomposed him, for his countenance, which usually wears a kindly expression, is clouded, and even the short wooden pipe in his mouth from which he puffs huge vol-

EVIDENTLY SOMETHING HAS DISCOMPOSED HIM.

umes of smoke into the crisp morning air fails to give him the accustomed solace. There is as yet no sign of life in the street. His gaze is fixed intently on a small house a couple of blocks away, before which a big sign affixed to a post announces that it is the habitation of "Mrs. Evesham, milliner and dressmaker."

At last the watcher is rewarded by the sound of wheels and the creaking of ungreased axles, and he sees Mr. James Dolman of Havana make his appearance behind his two shaggy ponies and drive straight to the garden-gate of the widow's cottage.

The wooden-faced farmer is not kept long waiting. There is a hum of feminine voices, the door opens, and Wanda Arlington comes forth, looking in her white muslin dress and broad straw hat so fresh and pretty that even old Bladon's eyes soften with honest admiration. She is accompanied by Mrs. Evesham and Kate, the former not looking much older than when we saw her fifteen years ago; the latter developed into a handsome young woman of four-and-twenty—indeed, hers is a beauty you do not meet with every day. Though in all respects she is a contrast to the girl around whose waist her arm is encircled, you cannot but confess that she has as great reason to be considered a perfect type of her peculiar style as Wanda Arlington herself. The one, the violet; the other, the rose. The one, soft, sweet, modest, radiant, like a delicate flower with a gleam of sunshine on it; the other, dark, vigorous, Juno-like, as the rainbow-hued plant nurtured by the passion-breathing sun of the tropics.

Wanda kisses the dear ones good-by and steps lightly into the seat beside Farmer Dolman, who, like most country yokels, is subdued into silence in the presence of ladies. He can scarce find words to refuse Mrs. Evesham's offer of refreshment. Then, amid much waving of handkerchiefs and many last expressions of affection on the part of the women folk, the charioteer rasps the horses' mouths with a vicious jerk of the rein, utters a long-drawn-out "Git a-u-p!" and the equipage moves away.

Not until it is quite out of sight, and the widow's door has been closed, does William Bladon stir—then taking one last look up the silent street, he knocks the ashes from his pipe and turns his steps towards a rustic seat under an apple tree in the orchard, muttering with intense satisfaction: "Thank our lucky stars, that little baggage be off at last!"

In this pleasant retirement, with nothing to disturb him but the wild note of the blackbird or the merry chirp of the sparrow, he sits for a long time lost in silent meditation.

Then, a sudden thought seems to strike him. He deliberately takes off his waistcoat and sets to work with his knife to pick out some stitches, which had bound an inner pocket of the garment. This accomplished, he draws forth a large leather wallet from which he extracts a number of papers carefully folded, some of them in sealed envelopes. At last he finds what he is looking for, a photograph. On this he concentrates his attention, gazing at it for a long time with fixed eagerness. It is the portrait of a young and beautiful woman, and more and more puzzled is the expression on the old man's face as his eyes rest on the perfect features.

"Strange how like she be!" he mutters to himself. "The very image of her ladyship, as she stood that awesome day on the lawn of the old hall, when—"

The tap of a cane on the stoop close by roused him from his cogitations.

The old man started at the interruption.

"Heart alive! It is the young master himself," he gasped, as he hurriedly thrust photograph and papers back into his pocket.

"Bladon! Bladon! Where are you?" George Arundel cried impatiently.

"Here I be, Master George, under the apple tree," the old man replied, running forward to lead him to the seat. "I could na' find in my heart to call thee, thou wert sleepin' so calm and quiet like."

"Then I am too late Oh, Bladon, do not say that she is gone and I not up to bid her Godspeed!"

"I am afeared she have, Master George," Bladon replied, humbly; "sadly afeared she have, for she started well-nigh an hour agone."

"Yet my orders to be called were positive," Arundel said, fiercely. "You presume too much on your position to set at naught my wishes. I tell you, Bladon, I will not be treated like a child."

"An' I wunnot rouse thee out of a sound sleep, when thou hast lost half the night tossin' an' maulin' in thy bed," Bladon asserted, sturdily.

Perhaps from long experience George Arundel knew that it was useless to argue with his faithful servant; perhaps he was too chagrined to trust himself to speak; anyhow, he sat for many minutes in sullen silence, Bladon the meanwhile lighting his pipe and calmly awaiting the result of the young man's cogitations. But he waited in vain; his companion had not a word to say. Now, if Arundel had roundly abused him he would have taken the scolding with indifference, but to see him sit there in sullen brooding touched the old man's heart, for he loved George as his own son. His anxiety at last broke forth in a petulant wail.

"Master George, Master George, I tell'ee this wunnot do, worritin' the flesh off thy bones over a pretty face which thee cannot see—more's the pity. Dang the women, I say, with their winsom' ways putting a glamor over the best of men. I bean't much of a scholard, but I know enough to tell'ee that we must na bide at this place any longer."

An amused smile played on the young man's lips as he answered:

"Bladon, my kind old friend, I firmly believe you are jealous of Miss Arlington's attentions to me."

"Jealous, indeed!" the old fellow grunted.

"Yes, you are jealous as a schoolboy in his puppy love, wild if anybody comes near the object of your affections. You literally cannot bear me to be dependent on anyone but yourself. Now surely I may express gratitude to a young lady, who has shown me so many kindnesses, without being in love with her."

"An' bean't ye in love with her, Master George? Bean't ye mautherin' after her this minit, like a sick calf after its mother? I've no patience with such goin's on."

"And what if I am!" Arundel cried, in a burst of uncontrollable passion. "Do you think that because I am blind to the beauty of her person I have no perception of the sweet qualities of her mind? There is no use trying to conceal it from myself or you—God help me. I do love Wanda Arlington with my whole heart and soul; love her with all the ardor of a passion pent up by the forbidding barrier of my terrible misfortune."

"There, there," old Bladon moaned, holding up his hands in dismay. "I knew how it would be when I saw thee danglin' at her heels day after day. I tell'ee her hath bewitched thee, lad, an'—"

"She has done nothing unbecoming the swee innocence of her pure nature. Is it her fault that she is lovable? You might as well blame the violet for its perfume or the nightingale for its melody as Wanda Arlington for her perfection."

"Oh, Lord, he's got it bad," Bladon groaned.

"But," Arundel continued, "I am man enough to bear my cross. Even if I thought that in her ineffable pity she would marry me I am not base enough to ask the sacrifice."

"The Lord forbid!" Bladon ejaculated with such unction that George Arundel could scarce repress a smile.

"Yes, dismiss from your mind all thought of Wanda Arlington ever being my wife, old friend," he said, cheerily, for his long years of self-negation had schooled his mind to a constant exercise of a philosophy which robbed the bitterest disappointments of life of half their sting. "She has given me the blessed promise to be my sister; so you must be content to keep my secret and let her share with me your—"

"Sister!" Bladon interrupted with renewed disgust. "So it's got to that, has it? Sister indeed! They all begin the game that way. I know what a girl means when she says she'll be your sister—it means, Master George, that be-

"MASTER GEORGE, I TELL'EE THIS WUNNOT DO."

fore you know where you are you'll find yourself slippin' a weddin' ring on her finger, an' then, heaven have mercy on you!"

There was something so comical in the old fellow's horror of matrimony that the young man, though he was in no mood for the humorous, burst into a hearty roar of laughter.

"Aye, laugh away now, Master George; time will come when ye wannot be able to laugh for cryin'—then dunnot say I dinna warn thee."

"I will not. You shall have the credit of rescuing me from a terrible impending fate. Hark! there's the breakfast bell."

Bladon made no reply, but dutifully led his young master indoors. Nevertheless he communed with himself in this fashion: "Poor, silly mawth; he will flutter into the candle light an' singe his wings; but if old William Bladon can save his master's son from a woman's wiles, the curse of a second Wanda may be spared the house of Arundel."

CHAPTER VII.

RURAL JOYS.

Havana was a miniature edition of Glastonbury bound in *boards*—rough, unplaned boards, as unsmooth as when they left the sawmill, battered by rain and storm, and lending the village an air of abject squalor and dilapidation. Paint seemed an unknown quantity there in those days. I say in those days, for a year ago an enterprising doctor discovered a medicinal spring in Havana, built a big sanitarium and converted the dull fishing village into a gay summer resort, brilliant in color as Joseph's coat; but when Wanda Arlington first saw the place she thought there never was a spot more destitute of all that is pleasant to the human eye.

Even the grand old river, stately and solemn, rolling with ceaseless swirl to the ocean, failed to distract her mind from the desolation around her.

Havana was a blot on a beautiful landscape—man's defilement of nature's loveliness.

Sidewalks lacked boards, fences were broken down and barns and outhouses showed great rents in their sides like gaping wounds. The streets were tracks in the virgin soil, at one season sand and dust, at another axle deep in mud, and only enjoyable when winter laid over them her soft carpet of snow.

It was nearly noon when Mr. Dolman's carriage drew up at his gaunt, angular residence of unpainted wood, with hideous blue paper blinds, which made the eye ache to look upon them.

Wanda saw and shuddered.

The "gyuris" were on the "stupe" to welcome them, for there were four Miss Dolmans in various stages of celebato decay.

The interior of the building was more prepossessing. The great square sitting-room, with its neat array of simple furniture, its pretty rag carpet, its Connecticut clock and its capacious rocking

SQUIRE ROBISON ESCORTED HER TO THE SCENE OF HER LABORS.

chairs, gave promise of a degree of homelike comfort not assumed at a first glance at the place. Then the bedroom, with its dainty curtains and snow white drapery, charmed and surprised the young teacher, who with the pliancy of youth soon began to make herself at home.

The next day seemed like a dream to her—a horrible nightmare, which disturbed her thoughts for years, when the days of her bondage would otherwise have been forgotten.

Squire Robison escorted her to the scene of her labors, a rude little cabin, standing in the middle of a square, arid play ground fully a mile from the village. With his own official hand he rang the bell to summon the scholars, who having shuffled into their seats were treated to an eloquent discourse, which Mr. Robison had originated as a Fourth of July oration, and which contained many graceful allusions to the "Star-bi-spangled Banyer." Then, having discharged all his oratorical fireworks, he left the pretty teacher to her fate.

Could she ever forget the horrors of that unhappy day? How she fell into confusion worse confounded; how there were thirty-six pupils and thirty-seven classes; how no two children possessed the same text book; how this one's "maw" didn't take "no account o' grammar," and that one's "paw" said he "warn't to be learned nawthin but 'rithmetic;" how, when the shyness of the red-cheeked, brown-legged urchins wore away, and the hot sun made them cross and stupid, they began to quarrel and fight; and finally how—pandemonium broke loose. How she vainly tried to still the storm, and at last bent to its fury in a pitiful flood of tears, helpless and crushed by her miserable failure; how that big, rude boy, Jim Slocum, of whom she had been in honest terror from the first moment she set eyes on him, suddenly and gloriously came to her rescue by seizing two of the worst malefactors and bumping their heads together till they roared for mercy, and vowed that he would "skin the hide off the first feller as troubled teacher." How deliciously quiet was the calm which followed this sanguinary announcement; and, how, when the rest were gone, she kissed the lad's bronzed cheek in tearful gratitude and bound him to perpetual servitude.

But Wanda's trials were not ended with the close of her school duties. The climax of that day's miseries were only attained when she reached her lodgings and found the Dolmans in fussy preparations for company.

"A surprise party, teacher! All the tip-tops of the place coming to call upon you," Miss Martha announced in kindly glee.

"Oh," said Wanda, with a little gasp. "Must I really be present? I am so tired, I—"

"The idee! Not be present, indeed! Why, there'll be the pastor an' his family, the Skinners, the La Forges, Josh Black, the gentleman as peddles the milk, the Reidenbrocks, and Huldah's feller—likely as you could disapp'int 'em."

"Huldah's fellow?" Wanda queried, amused in spite of herself.

"Yes, Huldah's feller, Jabez Short," Martha Dolman snapped, "so don't be thinkin' o' settin' your cap at him, for he's bespoke."

"Pshaw, Martha," Huldah interposed, cheerfully, "teacher has no cause to borrow sweethearts, for there's a fine, rich young gent coming all the way from Glastonbury on purpose to keep her company. Jabez Short, indeed! She's city bred and flies at higher game than our rough lads."

"Coming to see me!" Wanda fluttered; "who can it be?"

"She means Alphonse Damiens—what, do you pretend to say you don't even know him by sight—the biggest catch in this county," Martha explained.

"And you're quite welcome to him, Miss Arlington," Huldah added. "For, notwithstanding his handsome face and fine fortune, I'm glad it is you, not me, he's took a fancy to."

Wanda's cheek tingled with indignation, but she was a girl with much common sense, so she passed without a word to her room, little thinking, poor girl, of the stormy clouds gathering around her.

CHAPTER VIII.

A "FELLER."

The surprise party was a solemn success.

When Wanda entered the room she found the men sitting on one side and the women on the other, looking for all the world like a parcel of school children about to be whipped.

She was individually introduced to every one present, and with great fortitude took each clammy hand in hers and shook it cordially. She knew that she was being inspected, and bore the ordeal bravely, for the countenances of the people were so devoid of expression that even her timid nature was reassured.

It was not till she found herself standing in front of a young man, whose presence was remarkable among his common-place associates, that she felt the least embarrassment. But, with his dark eyes fixed intensely on her, she could not repress a little shiver of revulsion, and involuntarily bowed, instead of giving him her hand. How vexed she was to feel the blood mantling to her cheek and notice the tremor of her voice as she replied to his friendly greeting, for she knew that the eyes of Martha and Huldah were on her, and that her confusion would be misinterpreted.

Alphonse Damiens was certainly a splendid animal, but it was not his fine physique and handsome face which chained her attention—it was an indefinable something, a soul-antipathy she could not understand. He was in everything remarkable. While Jabez Short's "best suit" made him look like a hog in armor, instead of the honest carpenter he really was, Damiens' clothes fitted him to perfection—even the flaming scarf he wore harmonized with the gypsy type of his features. Surely there was nothing very formidable in this good-looking young countryman—then, why this fluttering sensation in his presence?

It was very provoking that the company seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to give this rustic Don Juan every opportunity to inflict his obnoxious attentions upon her, but she avoided him as much as she could, though she could never get quite beyond the fixed gaze of his insolent admiration.

The crisis came at last. She had seated herself in a low chair in a remote corner, thankful for a little respite from his persecutions, when, noticing her isolation, he flung himself on a seat beside her and coolly rested his arm on the back of her chair, while he said in a tone of easy nonchalance:

"Say, Wanda—I may call you Wanda, mayn't I?—if you will dismiss your pupils at half-past three to-morrow afternoon I will call around for you with my buggy and span of blacks—they'll be a sight different from Daddy Dolman's old cripples—and I'll take you a spin across country, wherever you please—Glastonbury, if you like, for the nights are moonlit and the horses are fine as silk."

There was this plea for his insolence. He honestly looked on Miss Arlington from in his eyes a higher social plan; and in western villages familiarity between young people of opposite sexes ripens with tropical growth unknown to the ceremonious east.

She was ablaze in a moment.

"Mr. Damiens," she said, her face as white as a sheet and her lips quivering, "Take your arm from my chair."

"No offense," he stammered, abashed at her defiant beauty.

"And yourself from my presence."

He was too astonished to move.

"I am sure I only meant to be friendly and—"

Poor girl, she never was intended by nature to play a high tragedy role, and I am afraid her supreme air of frozen contempt bordered rather on the ridiculous, as she cast on him a glance of withering contempt and left the room, cheeks flushing and lips quivering.

"Hello, 'Phonse, what hev yer been a sayin' ter teacher ter rile her so?" old Dolman asked. "Her looked pison at yer, as her went out."

"I simply asked Miss Arlington to ride in my new buggy to-morrow, and—she declined." Damiens replied with a smile, meaning to assure the company that he was immensely amused at her behavior; but his passionate nature rebelled against this assumed indifference, and before Mr. Dolman could offer his condolence he burst out with uncontrolled anger: "Curse the room! How hot it is. Give me my hat, Jim Dolman, and, for Heaven's sake let me get a mouthful of fresh air."

Many were the comments made as he strode from the room and slammed the door behind him, the men enjoying his discomfiture, the women, after the manner of their kind, unanimous in their condemnation of the girl's misconduct.

"Such silly imperance," remarked one.

"Stuck-up minx!" sneered another.

"City manners, I suppose," Martha insinuated, with a smile which expressed commiseration for anyone brought up in the contaminating atmosphere of a metropolis. But Jabez, to whom she spoke, murmured with a satisfied chuckle:

"Didn't her sot down on him some? He jest wanted takin' down a peg or two, an' her did it fine, her did."

Martha flashed indignantly:

"You dare not say that to his face, Jabez Short!"

Whereupon Huldah, who was ready to tear Jabez Short's hair for his remark, with true feminine consistency, flew to his rescue and gave her sister to understand that one exhibition of feminine spite was enough for that evening's entertainment.

Meanwhile Damiens, like a wounded animal, sought solitude. For an hour or more he paced up and down the bank of the river, his hot blood at fever heat.

He felt the indignity of the girl's demeanor keenly and bitterly, but what wounded him most was the humiliating conviction that he loved her with a mad, unreasoning devotion. Her very contempt had set his soul ablaze. The more he thought of her, the more intense became his infatuation. In his heated imagination her beauty was magnified a hundred fold, till it assumed as exquisite a vision of loveliness as the son of Islam dreams shall meet his gaze when he enters paradise.

[To be Continued].

Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

To Our Friends And Subscribers.

With this number of the REPUBLICAN I assume again the full control of its columns. The people of Centre county have known me as a publisher for the past twenty years therefore I need no introduction as I again make my bow to its readers. I simply say this to my old friends and patrons. I am going to use my best efforts to make the old REPUBLICAN the very best local paper in Centre county.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

New Subscriptions

Week ending Mar. 23-1892	10
" " 30 "	18
Total	28

—Daniel Kelley, in the "Shadow Detective" in the opera house tomorrow evening should draw a full house.

—To-morrow is moving day. Also the day when all-fools will be around. Keep a sharp lookout that you are not sent off somewhere on a wild goose chase.

—If there is any truth in the old saw that the last Friday in a month will rule the month following we may expect a very nice April, as last Friday was exceptionally fine all day.

—Word comes from Philipsburg of a drunken fight at the Lloyd House in which one man was so badly stabbed that he died shortly afterwards. No particulars have yet been received.

—There is no probability that Beers & Dillen will have any further control over this paper. They have spent a large sum of money in the last two months and made as bad a record as it was possible for them to make.

—From the Philipsburg *Journal* we learn that an addition is being made to the Lloyd House, in that place. The new part will be 15x27 feet, substantially built, and will contain, on the first floor, a sample room and an elegant office, while on the second floor will be a handsome parlor.

—In Cambria county on Thursday Judge A. V. Barker granted 186 licenses, refused 85, and 10 were held under consideration. Evidently this seems to be a good year all around for the liquor men, as there has been a perceptible increase all over the state in the number of licenses granted.

—The cost of a kiss has been legally established in the south. A young man in Geneva county, Ala., has been fined $150 for kissing a young woman against her will. As the defendant testified that he had kissed the plaintiff 150 times the cost per kiss would appear to have averaged the round sum of $1.

—If you want a good country paper—the best published—you must subscribe for the *Republican*. If you want any job work done this is the place to get it. We can guarantee satisfaction in price and quality of work done. We invite all our friends to come and see us whether you have work to do or not.

—The soldier's orphans will celebrate in Harrisburg on the 6th of May, by holding the second annual meeting and banquet of the Sixteen Years club. Those eligible to membership in the club are male soldier's orphans who have been members of any of the Pennsylvania state soldier's homes and who are of good moral character. Meeting of the club are held each year on the 6th of May.

—German crank physician claims to have discovered a method by which palatable and nutritious bread can be made from wood. When this discovery is proven a fact all a man will have to do to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow" will be to get the axe, go out into the woodyard and chop down the family baking. But even then it is safe to assert that there will be many men too lazy to supply the necessary material.

—The Presbytery of Huntingdon will hold its regular spring meeting in the Presbyterian church of Huntingdon on Tuesday, April 12, at 11 o'clock. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. R. A. McKinley, D. D. The missionary sermon is to be preached by Rev. J. J. Coale. Statistical reports and narrative of the state of religion in the churches will be presented. Commissioners to the general assembly will be elected and reports from the churches as to payment of pastor's salaries will be called.

—Subscribers who may change their place of residence ought to notify us immediately so that the paper will find them at their new address without interruption. Don't rely upon the postmaster to send official notice by reason of the paper not being called for after you leave. If yon are so unfortunate as to be in arrears, don't shun the honest debt, but with the same frankness and manliness as if you were a "banner subscriber," come to the front, pay something if possible, as an evidence of good faith, and give your new address. If you can't pay come to the front like a man anyhow,

REPUBLICANS IN CONVENTION.

Nominate Delegates, Appoint Conferrees and Pass Resolutions.

Tuesday was the day set for the holding of the Republican county convention in this place for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Convention, to appoint conferrees to meet with other conferrees in this congressional district to elect one delegate to the National Republican Convention and to transact such other business as might be brought up. Altogether there were eighty five delegates present, most every precinct in the county being represented.

Promptly at one o'clock county chairman Reeder called the convention to order and secretary H. C. Quigley read the call for a convention after which the roll of delegates was called and those present answered to their names. Chairman Reeder then announced that the convention was open to the selection of some one for temporary chairman, and Mr. Riley Pratt was unanimously elected. C. D. Deininger, of Centre Hall, was elected secretary and John C. Miller and Port Bilger tellers.

The following committee on resolutions was appointed: J. P. Cobum, C. L. Gramley, G. W. Frear, H. C. Holter and H. C. Warfle.

A resolution providing the order of business of the convention was adopted. The first in order being the election of delegates to the State Convention the chairman announced the convention open for nominations and the following gentlemen were named: Major Austin Curtin, W. L. Malin, C. T. Deininger and James P. Coburn. The delegates were then polled and the first ballot resulted as follows:

Malin	49
Curtin	46
Coburn	46
Deininger	23

Malin having received the highest number of votes was declared elected as one of the delegates and there being a tie on the other two highest it was necessary to take another ballot which resulted as follows:

Curtin	45
Coburn	38

Curtin now receiving the highest number of votes was declared elected and the two delegates therefore are W. L. Malin and Austin Curtin.

A motion was then passed empowering the chair to appoint the conferrees to meet with other conferrees from the several counties in this congressional district to elect delegates to the National convention and the following gentlemen were appointed: George M. Boal, G. Guyer Mattern and Hard P. Harris.

A motion was then made to appoint the two defeated candidates for delegates to the State Convention as alternates. So ordered.

As this concluded the business before the convention the committee on resolutions was called upon for its report and respectfully submitted the following:

The Republicans of Centre County, in Convention Assembled do hereby resolve:

First:— That they recognize the eminent ability of Benjamin Harrison as a Statesman; they concur in his sound veiws on question of public policy, they point with pride to his wise, business like, manly, patriotic and intensely American disposition of international questions that have been presented to him; they are assured that in administering the affairs of his office, he has honored this Nation at home, made it respected abroad, and has opened new avenues of commerce and trade.

Second: That the delegates this day elected to the Republican State Convention, and the conferrees this day appointed to the District Conference, be instructed to use all honorable means to secure the election of delegates to the National Republican Convention who shall be "first, last and all the time" for Benjamin Harrison as candidate for President of the United States on the Republican National ticket.

Be it further resolved that the delegates this day elected to the Republican State Convention be instructed to vote for and use all honorable means to secure the nomination of Hon. John Dean of Blair County as the Republican candidate on State ticket for Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

The reading of the last resolution created a lively discussion, quite a number being opposed to instructing the delegates on the Judgeship. Finally it was decided to adopt the resolutions piecemeal. The first one went through like a flash but on a call for the ayes and nays on the second the vote was so close it was necessary to take a standing vote to decide it. This was done when it was found that the resolution lost by majority of six and Centre county's delegates to the State Convention will thus go uninstructed as to their vote for Cheif Justice of Pennsylvania.

Another resolution was then passed instructing the conferrees to use all honorable means to secure the election of James A Fiedler as delegate to the National Republican Convention. This concluding the business of the day the convention then adjourned *sine die*.

We ask the Republicans throuhout Centre Co., to give the old Republican a trial under its new management, we will give you a good paper well printed, well edited and republican clear through. We have received many expressions of encouragement and for the first week of our administration a goodly number of new subscribers, we want to keep the ball in motion and hope all our friends will assist us to make a living and restore the old paper to its former position of success and usefulness.

SUICIDE.

A Young Wife Takes Poison Because her Husband Drank.

The wife of Author Moore, of Oneida township Huntingdon county died suddenly under mysterious circumstances, on Wednesday night last. She had lain down on a lounge, and shortly afterwards expired. Early the next morning a neighbor came to the house and found an envelope on the floor under the lounge on which was written the word "poison." The envlope was empty and suspicion was aroused that she committed suicide. Her husband was interrogated and said that he and a man named John Streightiff had been drinking cider the day before, and that his wife had remonstrated with him for drinking and threatened to take poison if he did not desist. He did not have the least suspicion that she meant to carry her threat into execution. She had been eating pie, and it is believed that she put the fatal powder, strychnine, on the pie, and ate it, causing death in a few minutes thereafter. He did not believe she had taken poison until the next morning when he discovered that his dog had partaken of the pie which he had thrown out and was dead. Mrs. Moore was aged about 28 years, and she and her husband had lived happily together and were doing well until the demon liquor came into the home, and the wife became uneasy and morbid in consequence. They leave one child, a boy, about 4 years old. An inquest was held on Friday afternoon by "Squire Samuel Peters.

Fifth Regiment Appointments.

Col. Theo Burchfield of the Fifth Regiment, N. G. P., has issued the following orders under date of Altoona, March 21:

1. Having been for the third time elected to the command of the Fifth Regiment, I accept the same and desire to express my sincere thanks to the line officers for this additional expression of confidence and shall, with the co operation of all connected with the regiment, continue to work for its advancement. The united labor of all will place the organization on a par with the best commonwealth.

11. The following staff appointments are hereby announced. Adjutant, James H. Craig, Altoona, Pa.; quartermaster, Henry C. Quigley, Bellefonte, Pa.; inspector rifle practice, George B. Shields, Indiana, Pa.; surgeon, Dr. Andrew S. Strayer, Roaring Spring, Pa.; assistant surgeon, Dr. T. Cherry, Altoona, Pa.; and Dr. George G. Harman, Huntingdon, Pa.; chaplain, Rev. Charles M. Stock, Hanover, Pa, They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

111. The new drill regulations have been transmitted to company commanders, and presuming that orders will follow directing their use to the exclusion of all other, they will be taken up and studied and practiced very carefully by all officers and enlisted men in the regiment.

1V. As soon as the rifle practice season opens each company will be expected to commence work at shooting. The year 1891 closed with 447 qualified men in the regiment. This year we expect that every officer and enlisted man will be a marksman by the close of the season.

The Arbitration Treaty Ratified.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Two hours spent in executive session by the senate this afternoon sufficed to complete the consideration of the Behring Sea arbitration treaty, and it was ratified by a unanimous vote to the conclusion of the discussion. The debate itself was without incident. Mr. Sherman, who had the treaty in charge, presented two amendments which it was believed desirable to incorporate in the document and they were agreed to. One of them provides thal the arguments and proceeding before the arbitrators shall be "in the English language." The other changes Article II, so as to require the arbitrators to make their decision within four months instead of three.

Death of James Bradley.

Mr. James Bradley died at his home in Milesburg March 15, 1892, aged 59 years and 7 months. He leaves a wife, one daughter and two sons. For about two years he was a consistent member of the M. E. church. During his late illness he gave bright evident of his divine acceptance and his end was peace. At the head of the handsome casket was a beautiful pillow of cut flowers, the gift of his daughter Clara, on which was the word "Father." Revs'. Bouse and Wright conducted the services, interment at Curtin's. Mr. Bradley was a man highly respected in the community and will be greatly missed, but we feel assurred that our loss is his eternal gain.

Death of W. H. Lucas.

W. H. Lucas, an aged and much respected citizen of Blanchard, died at his residence in that place on Friday, at the advanced age of 72 years. Mr. Lucas had just recovered from a severe case of the grip. After eating a hearty dinner he went down to DeLong's store and it was there while engaged in conversation that he fell over dead. An aged wife is left to mourn his death.

L. H. GUTHRIE KILLED.

Found Dead on the Railroad Track Near Conemaugh.

On last Thursday a telegram was received in this place asking for a description of one L. H. Guthrie, an itinerant printer whose home was in Pottsville but who recently worked in this place. The description given tallied correctly with that of the dead man and there is now no doubt but that it was L. H. Guthrie. The Johnstown *Herald* on Friday published the following which goes further to prove his identity as the writer of this article knows the following to be correct:

The day following the finding of the body of the man killed near the bluff at Conemaugh, Joseph Gochnour, son of Engineer Silas Gochnour, of Conemaugh, picked up several articies which undoubtedly belonged to the dead man. These articles came into possession of the *Herald* today, and are thus described: A pocket Bible bound in morocco, with a brass clasp. The Bible is well worn and also shows evidence of having been carried constantly in the pocket. Within the lids was a temperance card and pledge singed "L. H. Guthrie, Thomas street, Bellefonte, March 5, 1892." There was also a clipping containing the following poetry:

Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy:
You have only a moment, I know:
But you will stay till I give you my parting advice—
It is all that I have to bestow.

You leave us to seek for employment, my boy;
By the world you have yet to be tried;
But in all temptations and struggles you meet.
May your heart in the Saviour confide.

You wi l find in your satchel a Bible, my boy;
It is the book of all others the best;
It will teach you to live it will help you to die,
And lead to the gates of the blest.

I gave you to God in your cradle, my boy,
I have taught you the best I knew,
And as long as his mercies permit me to live,
I will never cease praying for you.

There are a number of notations and marginal references made at different places in the Bible, Luke xv: 18 being frequently referred to. In the book this verse is enclosed in pencil marks and reads as follows: "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against *H*eaven, and before thee." Many of the other notations and references particularly point out parental care and filial love.

It would seem from the reference in the Bible and from the poem, which was carefully preserved, that the person to whom the book belongs was particularly fond of his mother. This presumption would correspond exactly to the inference to be drawn from the appearance of the dead man, as one of the large tatoo figures on his arm bore the inscription, "In memory of my mother."

As soon as these effects were obtained the *Herald* this morning sent a telegram to the chief of police at Bellefonte giving the facts and asking what was known of Guthrie when the following was received.

"Has his home in Pottsville. His father is a Baptist preacher. No relatives here.

WM. GARIS, Chief."

The story of L. H. Guthrie's life is a sad one. His, is one of the leading families in Pottsville; his father is a Baptist preacher. According to Lute's version of the affair, which story, by the way, was substantiated by letters which the writer was shown, he was driven from home to become a wanderer through the inhumanity of a brutal father. Of his mother and sisters the young man always spoke in the most glowing terms. Having learned the printers trade he journeyed to Philadelphia and was there during the recent strike. For "ratting" he was finally compelled to leave the city and from there came to Williamsport, Lock Haven and finally landed in Bellefonte the latter part of January. He worked in the *Watchman* office several weeks and in this office several more leaving here on March 7th. From here he went to Huntingdon where he worked in the *Globe* office a few days and the next heard from, on Tuesday before his sad ending, he was located at 114 Smithfield street, Pittsburg. It is more than likely that he failed to obtain work in the Smokey city and was again coming east, probably on his way home as he often spoke while here of going home.

It is supposed that he met his death by walking on the railroad track and being struck by the Chicago limited, It may be and yet, who knows, driven from home to be a wanderer, reduced to abject poverty and hunger, failing to get work where'er he went and of a not very firm and determined character, his death might not have been accidental. While employed here the young man often talked of taking his own life. But it were probably better to believe his death accidental and let the pall of charity enshroud the dead and the cause of his death which died with him. Only the God of the righteons hath power to judge and that the wandering hitherto homeless soul may have at last found a safe haven of rest should be the earnest wish of all.

It Was a Fearful Ride.

It was a fearful ride that James Galbraith had on a Monon freight train lately. Galbraith is a mail carrier at Linden, eighteen miles north of Crawfordsville, Ind.

He got the mail from the north-bound and started for the post office, climbing between two cars of a freight train that was standing on the switch. While in the act of climbing through, the train started and his legs were caught between the drawbars. There was no brake for him to seize, so in terrible agony as he was, he seized the narrow blocks along the ends of the drawbars and pluckily held on for the awful ride of eighteen miles, his legs being crushed to a jelly as the cars bumped and thundered along over the rough roadbed. It seems almost miraculous but the plucky man did not faint till the train stopped in Crawfordsville. He was at once discovered and taken from his place of fearful torture. He can hardly recover, but he will die with the reputation of having made the most terrible ride on record.

COMING AND GOING

Associate Judge Thomas Riley was a visitor in Bellefonte last Saturday.

Ex-Deputy sheriff Robert K. Wilson, who is now head man at Ashcroft's hotel in Philipsburg, transacted business in Bellefonte on Saturday.

Prof. D. M. Wolf, of Spring Mills, was a visitor to Bellefonte on Saturday and did not forget to make a short call at this office and leave a little of the where-with-all that gladdens the hearts of the struggling printer.

Harry Fitzgerald, of this place, departed on Tuesday evening for Altoona where he has gone to accept a position in the railroad shops. We expect, at no distant day, to hear of Harry as President of that vast corporatian.

Mr. James W. Swabb, the mercantile appraiser for this year, began his duties of taking the valuation of all business places subject to a mercantile tax on last Friday. James is a competent man and cannot fail to give the best of satisfaction in the discharge of his work.

Mr. George Marshall, one of the oldest and best experienced grocerymen in Bellefonte can now be found in the Eureka Cash Grocery, next door to the post office, where he has accepted the position of head clerk. Since his connection with that store he has so fixed up things and increased the stock as to now make it the most complete grocery in Bellefonte, and invites all his friends to call around and see him.

Death of Mrs. Nancy Packer.

On March 24th, at 9.30 o'clock a. m., Mrs. Nancy Packer passed from our midst. She died at her home near Inman, Kansas, at the age of 78 years 11 months and 20 days. Mrs. Packer was sick only one short week when the master called her home. She was born in Clinton County, Pa., in the year 1813. She was a daughter of Mr. Jesse Hall, one of the oldest settlers on the Susquehanna River.

She was married to Asher Packer and lived at Beech Creek for agreat many years. Thirteen years ago she, with her husband and family, moved to Kendall Co., Ill., where her hasband died in July 1883. Eight years ago with her family she moved to McPherson Co., Kansas, where she lived till called to her home above. Mrs. Packer has been a consistent member of the Christian Church for fifty years. Aunt Nancy, as she was called by all, lived a Christ-like life, and died in the hope of eternal joy. She leaves three daughters and one son to mourn the loss of a mother. A great many relations and friends followed the remains to the Superior Cemetry. Aunt, we will meet you on the other shore.

The State Sanitary Convention.

ERIE, Pa., March 29.—Visiting physicians from all parts of Pennsylvania, are in attendance here. Addresses have been delivered during three sessions to day on imperfections in the law creating the state board of health of Pennsylvania. The sixth state sanitary convention under the auspices of the state board of health convened at Maennerchor hall at 10 a. m. today, Hon. J. F. Downing of Erie, presiding. Sessions continue to-morrow and Thursday. A banquet will be given at the Reed house to-morrow evening.

Officers Arrest a Corpse.

A weird scene was witnessed in Wilkesbarre, Wednesday evening. Mrs. Jennie Welch was arrested for larceny. The policeman thought she was under the influence of liquor when he arrested her.

The woman said she was sick. The policemen let her sit down a minute, but she would not get up again. The woman was placed aboard a street car by two policemen.

A lady who sat directly opposite was annoyed at her staring, and after while cried out: "That woman is dead." It was only too true.

The Standard Company.

On Tuesday H. C. Valentine, of this place, with William Burnsides and Frank B. Gill of Pittsburg united in organizing the Standard Scale, and Supply Company, for the manufacture of scales and general supplies. The factory is locatec here and the general office will be in Pittsburg. We wish the new company success.

DAVID AURAND KILLED.

Another Accident on the Lewisburg Railroad Last Week.

On last Friday afternoon Mr. David Aurand, a brakesman on the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad met with a frightful death at Cherry Run. The trainmen were shifting cars at the time of the accident. A car load of lumber was being side tracked at that place. Mr. Aurand was on the car, occupying a position on one end from which the hand holds had all been broken off. The train was stopped very suddenly and the jar threw Aurand off, falling on the track he was unable to get out of the way until he was caught by the slowly moving train and crushed beneath the ponderous weight of the car of lumber it passing over his body almost severing him in two. He was also otherwise badly bruised and cut up. Although death was not instaneous he lived but a short time afterwards.

The remains were taken to Mifflinburg where they were prepared for burial and on Saturday morning were brought to Bellefonte and taken to the residence of James McPherson, where Aurand had made his home, where they lay until Monday when they were taken to Bald Eagle Furnace and interred alongside of the grave of his mother. David Aurand was a young man only about 21 years of age. His father and mother are both dead and the only surviving near relation is one brother, Calvin, of this place.

The death of Mr. Aurand makes the third within eighteen months that have occurred through accidents on the Lewisburg road, besides a number who have been injured.

Useful and Ornamental.

Governor Pattison's declaration desingnating two dates as Arbor Days in this State calls attention to an interesting and useful institution. The practice of planting trees in public school grounds, and on the streets of Pittsburg, has in the past been too conspicuous by its absence. Lack of places to receive trees can be no excuse, for our residential sidewalks would be the better for shade and greenery even where our schools have not ground to receive them.

We pay too little attention to the cultivation of the beautiful in this city, and it is time that more attention should be devoted to the matter. It would be a good plan, too, if on some day just before those set apart by the Governor, our school teachers should make a point of instructing their pupils in the practical as well as the aesthetic results of tree planting. The subject is too much neglected throughout the country and it is one in which the rising generation would greatly profit by instruction. Our atmosphere here is not the best in the world for the support of plant-life, but we should make the effort to have more trees in the city while we seek to purify the air.

The P. R. R. May Buy It.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 29.—There has been some talk recently of a proposition to be made by the Pennsylvania Railroad company relative to the purchase of the city's holdings of Philadelphia and Erie stock, but up to this time nothing has been heard from the finance committee. It is said that the Pennsylvania or a syndicate composed of strong capitalists is ready to purchase the city's holdings stock but that no proposition will be made for some time. It was reported to-day that a special meating of the finance committee will be called to consider and report upon a proposition to sell the city's holdings of the stock, but the exact nature of the proposition could not be learned.

His God Was Valueless.

Le Hong Chin, a Mott street merchant of New York City married an Irish girl, and the union was blessed by the birth of a boy. The glad tidings was sent to the husband's friends in China, and as a present to the child a Chinese god or joss, made of metal, was sent to him by them through the mails. There being no postal treaty with China for the transmission of packages, the parcel containing the god was seized in the Post Office for the payment of duties. Upon appraisement it was found that the mental of which the god was composed was valueless, and as an article of commerce it was worth comparatively little. The customs authorities therefore released the god, and LeHong Chin went home rejoicing.

Married.

On Thursday evening, March 24th, by the Rev. G. W. Eminhizer at the residence of the bride's parents in Coleville, Mr. Harry Eminhizer and Miss Sadie Rider, both of this county. Harry is the oldest son of Rev. Eminhizer. The young couple will move to Dale's Summit where Mr. Eminhizer will farm for Mr. George Dale.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE